THE
Female Prelate:

BEING

The Hiſtory of the Life and Death

OF

POPE
JOAN.

A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at

The Theatre Royal.

Written by ELKANAH SETTLE,
Servant to His Majeſtie.

Facit Indignatio Verſus. Juven.

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TO

The RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Earl of Shaftsbury.

My LORD,

SCriblers of my Profeſſion, pay ſo natural a Devotion to Greatneſs, that the leaſt dawn of Approbation from an Eminent Perſonage, fires 'em with a more than ordinary Aſſurance, and is Armour ſufficient againſt the Cenſure of the World. This, my Lord, has enboldened me to that height, that I can confidently ſcorn the malicious Critick on the one ſide, and the revenging Jeſuit on the other: for what blinded Bigot will dare ſhew his miſſive obedience, when your Lordſhip's Name (the greateſt Charm againſt all their Sorceries) appears to own me? Your Lordſhip's Name, which muſt bloſſom on the Records of our lateſt Poſterity. It would be needleſs in me, to declare how well your Lordſhip has deſerved in *England*; it is a Theam, of which the moſt ignorant of the *Orcades* are full, and which the moſt envious of the Court muſt acknowledge. *England*, in its greateſt Exigence, has

found your Lordſhip its faſteſt Friend, and at that time too when honeſt actions were perform'd in danger, when the ſword of *Damocles* hung over the heads of the moſt zealous Proteſtants. But 'tis not enough that the world acknowledges your Lordſhip the greateſt of States-men, unleſs it does your Merit that juſtice, to own you the boldeſt and the loyalleſt too: for State-policy is of that comprehenſive quality, and includes ſuch Motions of that ſtrangely-diſtant Latitude, that I can onely compare it to the Poets God of Fire; it either refines the Oar, and mints the very Gold that adorns the ſhining Palaces of Kings, or forges out the Thunder that deſtroys 'em. Nay, too often that very Policy that has the faireſt face of Allegiance, whoſe Counſels ſhould be a Guide and Light to Majeſty, (for without derogation to the Divinity of a Cro[illegible], Kings are ſometimes but Men) is but the meer Exhalation of Greatneſs, a Vapour which the Breath of Soveraignty raiſes higher or lower, whilſt (like the Cloud that either rains, hails, or ſnows) it either cools or warms but with the Air it meets with. And thus the States-man that ſhould be the Counſellour, is but the Eccho of Power, rather the Miniſter of his Prince's Pleaſure than Glory; and ſo little executes the great Office he undertakes, that he is ſcarce the ſhadow of what he repreſents. But all ſuch flattering and mercenary ſervice, your Lordſhip's braver Soul abhors, whilſt your undaunted Councels are unſhockt by Frowns, and unbribed by Honours. Our *England* has in one circumſtance the fate of *Troy*; our Eſtabliſht Religion is our true *Palladium*, and whilſt that is preſerved, we are invincible, unhurt by all the Hoſtility of the

world;

world; but that once gone, our ruin'd *Troynovant* is but an universal Conflagration: and he that like your Lordship most studies to secure that *Palladium*, maintains the brightest Jewel in his Princes Crown, and is both his Soveraign's best Subject, and his Countries truest and faithfullest Champion.

Thus whilst there is that Party for whose Defeat your Lordship has so strenuously and so justly labour'd, you have onely acted as an English Patriot: Your unfathom'd Depths foresaw the dangerous Faction, no less threatning than a growing *Phaeton*; and in your Lordships vigorous and indefatigable opposition, your very Enemies, if they will take leisure to think, must with shame confess your Memorable and Loyal Councels have with a plain and unclouded Aspect so much tended to an universal and eternal preservation of Peace, that all men of sense must plainly see you would rather side with a counselling *Phœbus*, than a destroying *Jupiter*; would rather by your timely advice prevent the Combustion of a world, than call down Thunder too late to punish the Incendiaries.

Thus your Lordship's unwearied Service to your King and Country, must undoubtedly spring from an unquestionable Principle of Loyalty: and as no little Argument for it, If Loyalty were ever truely generous, 'tis in your Lordship; for with the Philosophers description of Vertue, 'tis alone its own Reward.

And now I cannot but reflect on your Lordships numerous Enemies, nor better rank 'em than under these three Files.

The firſt, the Romiſh Zealot, a certain kind of ignorant Devote, to whom the very Fundamentals of his Religion are as unintelligible as the Language his Prayers are in. 'Tis true, *Rome* has a wiſer ſort of Diſciples, of which is the perſon of Senſe and Quality; but then conſidering ten to one his Anceſtors were all of his opinion, he thinks it inconſiſtent with his glory either to examine or alter his Faith on any Terms, leſt in ſo doing he ſhould in effect call his Forefathers all Fools, and give his whole Generation the Lye. And thus by a certain kind of wilde Iriſh Honour, who draw with their Horſes tails for the reputation of their Grandſires; their infatuated Zeal is entayled upon 'em, and they hold their Titles by no other Tenure.

The ſecond ſort is the ambitious Libertine, who always ſides with the Riſing Party; who tho indeed he is of no Faith at all, yet appears as zealous for a Religion of Quality, as a Spaniſh Jew at Maſs, and rather than ſtand out when his Intereſt is at ſtake, would e'en turn Mahometan, and almoſt circumciſe to be Great.

The laſt Claſs is a ſort of People of neither Birth, Principles, nor Eſtates; a kind of indigent Bullies, who in all Companies run down Religion and Property, becauſe they have neither Conſcience nor Lands to loſe; and therefore are for Change at any Rate, and deſire Tumults onely to ſcramble for Bread.

If theſe are your Lordſhips Enemies, I will not be ſo im-

impertinent as to tell the world who are your Friends: But to excuſe all the Diſcouragements you meet, if your Lordſhip's Truth and Deſert are not always proſperous, 'tis onely where your Oracles have had the fate of a Prophecying *Caſſandra*.

However, encouraged or depreſs'd, your Lordſhip preſerves an equal Serenity of Minde; and whereas the Malice of your Adverſaries would caſt an Aſperſion on your glorious Toyls, by ſaying your Zeal's too violent; your Lordſhip may juſtly make this Anſwer, That your Vehemence, like the fire in the Flint, never ſparkled till it was ſtruck from you, and that too by the ſevereſt Stroke, that all good men ſhould moſt ſenſibly feel, your Countries imminent Danger. Nor is your continued Scrutiny into Reaſons, Policies, Men, and Manners, the whole Fatigue of your Soul; for to draw the true portraict of the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, he is a perfect Character between the reſtleſs *Alexander* and the ſullen *Diogenes*; you want the head-long Ambition of the firſt, and the Moroſeneſs of the laſt; and between 'em both, at once you ſtudy and enjoy the world.

And if amidſt your more ſerious Affairs, ſo mean a Trifle as a Play may intrude under your Lordſhip's Roof, this, of all Poems, may moſt preſume; for 'tis your Creature, and owes its very being to your Lordſhip: for as Plays and Poetry ſhould make the diſcountenancing of the greateſt Vices their chiefeſt Theme, 'tis your Lordſhip's unmasking of *Rome* that gave me the Light to chuſe my Story: And 'tis by your Lordſhip's influence

too

too that it now appears in publick : for had not your Lordſhip been an Engliſh *Cicero*, and by your timely Wiſdom and Eloquence ſtood up in your Countries Deliverance, by this time perhaps our *Catalines* had been victorious ; and then the melancholy Muſes muſt have cryed,

Inter Arma ſilent Artes.

Or if at laſt the Theatre had e're revived again, this prophane Heretical Play muſt never have dared to have looked Light i'th' face.

But if any of my Critical Readers ſhould tell me that I have laid more to the charge of my Petticoat-Pope than Story will warrant; if ſuch an Objection be, I have onely this way to make my Excuſe, and rectifie my Miſtake ; that is, by begging her Succeſſors to ſhare it amongſt 'em : for there have been Birds enough of that Feather through all Ages, to challenge all the borrow'd Plumes I have given her, were they ten times as many as they are.

But now, as I am a Stranger to your Lordſhip, ſhould your Lordſhip ask who this bold Preſumer is that lays this Poem at your feet; I am a Thing ſo nameleſs, and ſo inconſiderable, that I can onely deſcribe my ſelf by Negatives. And firſt, I am no Temporizer, as your Lordſhip may believe by the choice of my Subject : next, I am no Politician ; for that Scribler muſt have no proſpect to his Intereſt, who dares affront ſo numerous a Party that are

ſo

ſo powerful a Support of the Stage: and laſtly, I am no Hypocrite; for I write as I think: nor am I like *Clodpate*'s Fidler, that ſings againſt his Conſcience.

I believe this plain dealing may have gain'd me a great many Enemies; but I cannot be concern'd at their Malice, ſince it gives me the glory of publiſhing my ſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt obedient, and

moſt humbly devoted Servant,

Elkanah Settle.

The Actors

Actors Names.

John, *Lord Cardinal of* Rhemes, *originally a German Lady, named* Joanna Anglica; *afterwards disguis'd in the habit of a Priest of the Benedictine Order, next a Cardinal, and lastly created Pope.*

Lorenzo, *a Courtier of a mean Extract, preferr'd by the lust of Cardinal* John, *and privately her Inamorato.*

Amiran, *a woman in the habit of a Page, a sworn Confident to the Intrigue of* Lorenzo *and* Rhemes.

The Duke of Saxony, *at present a Guest in* Rome, *brought thither for the love of a beautiful Roman Lady called* Angeline, *to whom he is newly married.*

Angeline, *his Dutchess.*

Carlo, *his Servant.*

The Consistory of Cardinals.

The old Duke of Saxony's *Ghost.*

Priests, Hereticks, Romans, Witnesses; with Messengers, Servants, and all other Attendants.

The SCENE, *ROME.*

Pope John VIII, etc.

ACT I.

Saxony *and* Angeline *with Attendants.*

Sax. MY deareſt *Angeline*, my ſofteſt Bride!
Oh never did the Riſing Sun ſalute
A man more happy, or a day more glorious:
Laſt night, our Nuptial Coronation night:
Oh the vaſt Scenes of my immortal Joys!
To what high Orb of Glory am I wrapt?
So a tranſlated Soul caught up to Heaven,
Stands on the Battlements of his new Paradiſe,
And with a wondring eye ſurveys how far
He has left the diſtant under-world beneath him.
Ang. My deareſt Lord, this is extremely kind,
And I, methinks, have ſuch an equal ſhare
In my dear Lords delight, that —— oh my Lord,
Something I had to ſay, but I want words,
Oh let my Bluſhes ſpeak the reſt, for I am
Too young in Love to talk.
Sax. Bluſh on, ſweet Innocence.
Bluſh till thy burning Cheeks
Glow like the Incenſe on a Veſtal Fire,
Then in my Arms let thy warm ſweets expire.
But tho' I am ——————
Encircled round with all the Harmony
Of Soveraignty, Power, Wealth and Honours,

Whilſt Fortune ſings above, and pleaſures dance around me:
Nay, to ſumm all, though I have Thee, a Treaſure
So far above th' enjoyment of a Crown
(For Crowns the world has brighter, Beauties none.)
Yet with all theſe I am not intirely happy.
Oh, *Angeline*, I had a Father,
Whoſe Blood, whoſe Royal Blood is unrevenged.

Ang. And does that melancholy thought ariſe
At this untimely hour?

Sax. Yes, my ſweet *Angeline*, I had a Father,
A Prince ſo Excellent, ſo truly Noble,
Too good for this baſe world, and yet from this
Baſe world too early raviſh'd to the Stars.
For in reward of all his manly Virtues
Was this unhappy Prince moſt baſely poyſoned:
Nay, poyſoned by a Prieſt, his ſavage Confeſſor.
That curſed Slave that fed upon his Smiles,
Fill'd the dire Bowl, and whilſt the canting Villain
Was whiſpering Heaven into his Ear, could lift
Damnation to his Lips; but by what motives
To ſuch Ingratitude, Heaven only knows.

Ang. My Lord, I cannot blame your Noble Piety.
But now conſider ſeven long years are paſt,
And in that time the mourning Robe ſhould ſure
Be quite worn out.

Sax, Never, my *Angeline*.
Methinks I've ſtill the poyſoner in my eye;
That white-faced Dog, that venom-mouth'd Mungril:
None of our burly, ſtrutting Gown-men,
Who pamper'd with the Roman Altars Luxury,
Swell and grow fat with the rich Churches Riot,
But a thin meagre Eunuch-featur'd Starvling
Lean even with ſurfeiting, his Looks as pale
As Envy, but his Soul as black as Hell.

Ang. Why theſe rough blaſts t'uncalm your ſweeter Airs!
What though the Villain could eſcape your fury,
And by his flight protect his impious head?
For ſeven long years concealed from your juſt Rage;

No doubt, ere this, Heaven's longer Arm has reach'd him,
And finiſhed your imperfect Vengeance for you;
Puniſhing his Crimes by his untimely Fate.

Sax. That's not enough t'appeaſe a Father's Ghoſt,
Blood requires blood, and vengeance weilds a Sword
That cuts on both ſides:
Guilt ſhould find Pains on earth, as well as Plagues in Hell.
But where the ſafe Offender lives
Till the ſlow hand of Chance or Nature ſtrikes,
It blunts one edge of Fate.

Ang. Divert this ſullen thought,
And tell me who amongſt our Buſtling Cardinals
That flock from all the Corners of the world
To tug for *Rome's* bright Tripple Diadem
You think will next ſucceed.

Sax. I neither know, nor care.
But could they chuſe a Pope that had the Keys
Of Hell, as well as Heav'n, and would be kind
And lock that Poyſoner from the infernal Jayl,
Till I had but one dear pull at's Heart-ſtrings,
Next my dear *Angeline*, I'd chuſe no Saint,
On this ſide Heaven but him.

Enter ſeveral Cardinals, croſſing the Stage.

Ang. Still, my loved Lord, you make
Your ſelf, and your poor *Angeline* uneaſie.
But ſee the Cardinals flock to the Conclave.
Now were I Confeſſor to theſe grave Lords,
I would lay odds, there's not that Prieſt amongſt 'em
But has ſo great an Itch to be a Pope,
That on my conſcience he'd ſhake hands with Heaven
And fairly quit his hopes of Crowns above
Proudly to lord it over Kings below.
But ſee the pomp encreaſes.

Enter John, *Lord Cardinal of* Rhemes, *with his Attendants, croſſing the Stage.*

Sax, Look, my *Angeline*;
Seeſt thou that face!
Angel. That gay effeminate Prieſt.
Sax. By all my hopes, by the dear charms of Vengeance
My Father's poyſoner: *Carlo*, dog that Cardinal
And from his Followers enquire his name. [*Exit Servant.*
I've found him now: he lives, ye Gods, he lives.
But is the Villain made a Cardinal!
Good Heaven, can it conſiſt with thy great Juſtice
To dreſs a Monſter in a Robe ſo Princely!
Ang. My deareſt Love, no doubt he has been preſerved
By Miracle, advanced to all theſe Honours,
Given as a Brand, not a Reward from Heaven;
Raiſed only to this height to fall a greater Sacrifice.
Sax. Yes; my beſt Life, thou haſt it. Had I ſtabb'd
This Monſter in the fact;
Or brought him in his naked Native Poverty,
A Ragged Ruſſet Prieſt to a Tribunal,
How little had I paid toth' injured *Manes*
Of the great Duke of *Saxony*. But now
Thanks, my kind Stars, he is a Prince, a Cardinal,
Fit for my Father's Victim. Oh, 'twere brave
To ſtab him in the publick Conſiſtory.
Ang. How, my dear Lord!
Sax. Yet let me think again:
So in the Senate fell the martyr'd *Cæſar*:
And that's a Fate too glorious for a Villain.
Ang. Oh, Sir, take heed of ſuch a wild revenge
Leſt taking of his life ſhould hazard yours.
And do you love your *Angeline* no better
Than to endanger her dear Lord?
Sax. Thy Reaſons and thy Love ſhall guide my hand:
I'll take thy kind advice and move more calmly.
Raſhneſs and Vengeance never were Allies:

Revenge

Revenge is witty when it walks, not flies.
Consider too I am in a Christian World;
The Court of *Rome*, the Head and Spring of Justice.
A Ponyard and a Sword are Arms too bright:
A Scaffold and an Axe shall do me right. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cardinal John, Lorenzo *and* Amiran.

John. Now my best Love, we are in our private state,
I thy kind *Juno*, thou my faithful *Jove*,
And our sworn Loyal *Ganimede* alone,
And now we are our selves.
Lor. Yes, my dear mask'd Divinity:
We are the only two that know what Treasure
This borrowed Casket holds, and I the Lord that wear it.
Joh. Thus far has my Disguise, and my Designs
Deceived the blinded world; for seven long years
My Arts and Sex concealed: nay, and to heighten
The miracle, I have lived an undiscovered Woman,
Bred amongst Priests, high fed, hot-blooded Priests,
Those long-wing'd Hawks at all the Female Game:
Yet I've defyed their keenest eyes to track me:
I could grow proud with the imagination,
And talk as big as a victorious Lover.
Lor. But how much prouder would you talk, should *Romes*
Great Lottery in this Election throw
Her Diadem at your Feet.
Joh. That were Fates Master-piece.
Glory, bewitching Glory; oh, for the Popedom!
Bring me some God, or what else power beside,
Some kinder Devil, but toth' Roman Chair,
And I am thy Slave for ever. How 'twould please me
To reign the Christian World's dread Thunderer all
The day, and thy soft *Venus* all the night.
Lor. My best dear Angel:
Alas, who knows but fortune may be kind;

And

And the fair Lot fall to this fairer hand.
Foh. Yes, 'twould be kind indeed; grant That, and I
Have all my wiſhes in both worlds complete.
Yes, I could make a Pope, and like that proud
Stupendious thing ſit at the Helm of Heav'n,
And with my Breath unlock the Gates of Paradice.
Let 'em but bring me golden Offerings,
And I would make Heavens Chryſtal Hinges fly:
Fill my Exchequer, and my Purgatory
Should ſoon be empty. Yet methinks for our
Stoln pleaſures ſake, I ſhould be kind to Love,
And ſell my pardons cheap to poor expiring Lovers.
Lor. The Subject gives you mirth; I ſee your Tranſports
Have made you witty.
Foh. Yes, and ſerious too.
Could I but reach the Roman Diadem;
I'd ſit within my *Romes* ſeven Hills as glorious
As once the fam'd *Semiramis* within
Her Babylonian Towers. Her Female Hand
Did the worlds Scepter guide, and why not mine?
A Kingly Soul her borrowed manhood wore;
Whilſt like a God ſhe ſate within her Cloud,
And moved her world beneath her.

Enter Servant:

Ser. The Duke of *Saxony* deſires admittance.
Foh. Oh, in theſe lines he tracks his Father's poyſoner.
I ſee ſeven years have not quite worn my Face out.
Admit the harmleſs Blufterer. [*Exit Servant.*
——'Tis true;
Once two whole years he had me in the chace.
Then but an inconſiderable Monk,
Too weak to grapple with ſo fierce a Hunter,
Through all Diſguiſes, Shapes and Names I dodged him,
Till the cold ſcent made him give o'r the Game.
But I am above thee now. Yes Prince, I had
Intelligence how the famed Roman Beauty
Had brought thee from thy *Saxony* to *Rome*: And

And well foreſaw this Face here would ſoon rowze
A ſleeping Blood-hound. But, alas, weak Champion,
We come prepared to meet thy feeble Rage.

Enter Saxony, *uſhered in by the Attendants of* Rhemes.

Sax. Lord Cardinal of *Rhemes*, for to that name
Your prodigal Stars have called you. Oh that Spectre!
Foh. Young *Saxony* go on.
Sax. Yes, Cardinal.
Hither I come to wake your drowzy Conſcience,
And tell you, that this Scarlet Mantle ſhrowds
That canker'd Fiend that ſtung my Father dead.
Foh. How, my young Lord!
Sax. Yes, my young poiſoner.
Foh. Before I anſwer to this peal of Thunder,
I ought t'examine if I am more than Man,
For Fleſh and Blood ſhould tremble at theſe ſounds.
Sax. And does not thine?
Fohn. Mine!
Sax. Yes, thine, proud Prieſt, does not a riſing damp
From the cold Vault that holds my Fathers Bones,
Freeze thy black Blood, and make thy ſtaggering Frame
Shrink at my Vengeance.
Foh. Harmleſs Thunderer, no:
The feeble blaſt flies o'er this Princely Tower,
And not one Column ſhakes.
Sax. Triumphant Impudence!
Can I bear this! at thy rank Soul. [*Draws.*
Lor. Forbear this Inſolence.
Sax. Unhand me Ruffians.
Lor. Hold, deſperate Lord. Lift but an Arm once more
Againſt that Life, and by the Gods, thy Soul
Attends thy Father's Ghoſt.
Sax. How. Braved by thee!
And what art thou, Domeſtick, ſmall Dependant
On that proud Thing; Heaven, like the Sun in *Egypt*,
Has warm'd that venomous Dirt into a Monſter.
And thou'rt a Bubble in the Mud beneath him.

Lor.

Lor. How, ſawcy Lord!
Joh. Lorenzo, hold. Young *Saxony*, no more.
Sax. Dared by his Slaves! can I bear this, and live.
Some Ague chill my Veins, or ſome kind Palſey
Unnerve my Arm, leſt it out-run my Reaſon.
Lor. Raſh Prince, this Fury does not fit this place.
Think where you are!
Amir. Yes, Sir, think where you are.
Within the Palace of a Roman Prelate,
A place too ſacred——
Sax. Peace, ye Limbs of Vengeance.
Dare you preſume to prate? Becauſe that Wizard
Has to damnation ſign'd and ſealed his Soul;
To fill the pomp of his infernal State,
He has wiſely bargained with his Patron Devils
For this young Imp, and that tall Fiend to guard him.
Joh. Hold, Sir, we underſtand your provocations:
And therefore can forgive theſe wild Excurſions.
But to reſtore your peace, you ſhall have Juſtice.
Sax. I will have Juſtice, Prieſt.
John. Firſt I conſider you're the Heir of *Saxony*;
And to all Princely Blood my Soul pays Honour.
Next, you have a Father loſt, a murder'd Father:
And to all Greatneſs in Diſtreſs, Humanity
Commands my Pity. Laſtly, I am a Church-man,
And ſhould diſgrace the Sacred Robe I wear,
Should I attempt to ſtop the courſe of Juſtice,
Or make the groaning Ghoſt of *Saxony*
Unſatisfied. Well, Sir, I am your Mark:
Now name me both my Judge, and my Tribunal.
Sax. Bold Cardinal, I take you at your word:
And bring my Cauſe before the Conſiſtory:
There, if thou dareſt appear——
John. Dare! yes, as cheerfully
As a young Lover on his Bridal Night.
But meet me quickly there. For know, young Prince,
I am your Accuſer now, and not you mine.
Your Tongue has rais'd a Bliſter on my Name,

Canker'd

Canker'd my Glory with the Brand of Murd'rer,
Nor can I come too ſoon to'th' Ear of Juſtice.
Make haſte, young Duke; for I have a wounded Fame
Muſt be made whole again.

Sax. Yes, my brisk Prelate,
Meet me this hour.

John. This hour I'll meet you there.

Sax. And then--- [*Exit Saxony.*

John. How I could laugh at this poor Animal.
Do; hunt me cloſe: and ſcent thy Father's Blood.
But know, hot fool, I have the Prieſt to play yet;
A Roman Dance to lead you. I could hug my ſelf
For my rare Miſchiefs. Oh my fertile Brain!
Why was not I the firſt created Woman?
'Sdeath, I'd have met the ſubtle plotting Serpent,
And by my Arts blown up the ſhallow Fiend:
Thus from its doom the threatned world recall;
And countermine the loſt Creations fall. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to the Conſiſtory.

Firſt Cardinal. Brethren and Partners in this Royal Seſſions;
This fair Divine Aſſembly, in the Name
Of *Albert* Duke of *Saxony*:
I bring a Cauſe before this great Tribunal,
Worthy the Ear of Heav'n, his Princely Father's Murder.

Card. 2. My Lord of *Millains* Reverenceſhip ſpeaks well:
But why, my Lord, this Tryal at this hour:
Think of the properer Buſineſs of the Day,
The new Election of our Heavenly Vicar.
Does not that Throne ſtand empty? By my holy Dame
'Tis fit that firſt we ſet a Head on headleſs *Rome.*

Card. 3. My good Lord Cardinals Reaſons would be juſt
In any caſe but this; but know, my Lord,
It is a member of our own Society,
That ſtands accuſed, the Cardinal of *Rhemes.*
And ſhall we entertain a Murderer,
Within theſe Sacred Walls, and at this time too;

When Heavens Commissions are just issuing out
To chuse a Brow from out this Royal Synod
To wear th'Imperial Mitre, and to Reign
Romes Lord, Heavens Chancellor, and the great Keeper
Of the bright Seals of Paradice. And shall we
Amongst this glorious Constellation harbour
A Murderer, have his black impious hand
Be mix'd amongst these Princely Candidates,
And grasp at th'hallowed Roman Diadem?

Card. 3. You, my good Lord of *Millain*, speak the sense
Of the whole Consistory. We and Heaven
Do think it just, that the infected Body
Be purged before we consecrate the Head.
Stand forth then, *Albert*, Duke of *Saxony*,
And *John*, Lord Cardinal of *Rhemes*, stand forth.

Enter on one side the Stage the Duke of Saxony: *on the other* John *Lord Cardinal of* Rhemes *with their respective Train.*

Sax. Most Reverend Lords, *Romes* ever awful Senate
From whose wide Rays of never setting Glory
Truth, Faith, Religion gild th'enlightned Globe.
Hither I bring to your divineſt Justice
A Treason of the deepest blackest Dye
That Night e'er shelter'd, or the day ere blush'd at.
Committed by that impious Prelate *John*
Lord Cardinal of *Rhemes*.

Card. 2. Boldly and bravely.

Sax. But e'er I prove the monstrous Fact, I have
One Grace to beg from this Devout Assembly.
Not that I need to beg it. 'Tis a Boon
You'll grant unask'd, and yet my zeal must speak.

Card. 1. Speak freely, ask with reason, and obtain.

Sax. Then I implore, that not the Brother-Name
Of Cardinal, his Title, Robe or Office
Plead for him, make this whole untainted Body
Be over tender of a gangreen'd Limb,
Because a part of it self.

Card. 4. My Lord, you wrong us.
Know who we are, Heavens Repreſentatives.
And can you think the Tree of Paradice
Would ever cheriſh a rank ſpurious Branch!
Or we permit a bloody wounded Straggler
To herd for ſhelter 'mongſt the purer Flock.
No *Saxony*; we drive him out, and give him
An open Field and Law for Life or Death.

Card. 1. Now, Duke of *Saxony*, plead and be heard.

Sax. Thus then—that now Lord Cardinal of *Rhemes*,
Seven years ago, a Benedictine Monk,
Was Confeſſor to my unhappy Father,
That Cardinal, now diſguiſed by the falſe name
Of *John*, more like a Robber than a Chriſtian,
Was then call'd *Theodore*. 'Twas in that name
He grew acquainted with my Princely Father.
Thus bleſt, thus honoured, by a riſe ſo ſudden
He won ſo far my Royal Father's Favour;
His Ear, his Hand, his Soul was all his own.
But by what Magick Arts ſo falſe a Snake
Could twine within that Royal Princes Heart,
Juſt Heaven above, and his own Hells within him
Can only tell.

Card. 2. To this your Anſwer, Lord.

John. Thus far I own my brave Accuſer juſt:
I was this Prince's Father's Confeſſor,
His Favourite, Friend, Confident.
Nay, the whole Circle of his Deeds, Thoughts, Councils,
All center'd in my heart.

Sax. And in return
To all this Honour, hear his black Ingratitude;
One Evening, a curs'd hour damn'd from Eternity,
This treacherous Sycophant being alone
With my unhappy Father in his Cloſet,
To make their privacy more cheerful,
A Bowl of Wine was call'd for, and about
Three hours this Conference held, till night adjourn'd
The Conſult, and ſo ſilenc'd 'em to Bed.

Thus parted, ſcarce the Morning Sun could wake,
Or frighted, waked too ſoon, but this Allarm
Fill'd the whole Court, the Duke, the Duke is poyſoned.
We found him raving, all his Veins on Fire,
His reſtleſs Bed more like his Funeral Pile;
His Prieſt being call'd, we found his Chamber empty:
By th'help of night the Helliſh Fiend was vaniſh'd.
But oh, he had left his Sulphurous Brand behind him;
For that was burning in my Father's Heart.

Card. 2. There's horror in this Deed. Now by my Holy Dame,
A thundring Accuſation. But what proofs,
What Witneſſes for all this Tragick Story.

Sax. All his Attendants, Nobles, Menials, almoſt
The whole ſad Court of *Saxony* were all
Spectators of their Royal Maſters Fall.
But let theſe few, the Repreſentatives
Of a whole Mourning Dukedom, ſpeak their knowledge.

Card. 3. Stand forth, and ſpeak. [*One of the Attendants ſteps out.*

Att. 1. To theſe bleſt Walls I bow,
Romes ever Sacred Vatican.

Card. 1. What art thou!

Att. 1. A Gentleman; for twenty years a Servant
To the great Dukes of *Saxony*.

Card. 3. Are they all ſworn?

Prieſt. My Lord, they are.

Card. 3. Proceed.

Att. All that my Prince has ſaid againſt that Prieſt,
Is Oracle, only more truth, and leſs
Myſterious; and to lay his Father's Murder
More cloſe to that ungrateful Monſter's Charge;
When he was told the conſcious Monk was fled,
Amidſt his dying Groans theſe Accents fell,
And is my Friend, my Prieſt, my Murderer!
Heaven, if the Prieſtly Robe, your own bright Livery
Can ſhrowd ſuch Treaſon, bring me to that Throne,
Where th'unoffending, untaught Infidel
Sits crown'd, whilſt the Apoſtate Chriſtian burns.

This

This we all ſwear to.

All. All.

Card. 1. Degenerate World,
Oh, whither art thou faln!

Att. 2. Hear Me, my Lords.
I have had the honour many years together
To have that murder'd Prince no leſs my charge,
Than that falſe Confeſſors; only this difference;
I was his Healths more faithful, than that Traitor
His Soul's Phyſician; and as my laſt Office
To my dead Lord, with my own hand through his
Diſſected Veins I track'd the Drug that kill'd him.
He died by poyſon.

Sax. Truth more evident no
Tribunal ever heard, no God e'er puniſh'd.

Card. 1. Crimes terrible, proofs ſtrong, and circumſtances
Invincible. *Rhemes*, What defence to this!

Job. That *Saxonys* great Duke died by my hand,
I own:
But that he fell by Treaſon, I deny.
'Tis the intention of the mind, and not
The deed that makes the crime. Who but in thought
Dares lift a hand againſt a Soveraign Head,
Is both a Rebel to his Prince, and God.
But he
That ſtrikes a Dagger to a Traitor's Heart,
Though ne'er ſo Princely born, does Heaven good ſervice.
Know then, that Traitor was the Saxon Duke,
And I that Traitor's Executioner.

Sax. Traitor? to what! to whom! What means the Villain!

John. Traitor to *Rome*, to *Romes* Supremacy,
To *Romes* Religion, and *Romes* God a Traitor.

Sax. Oh execrable Dog.

Card. 1. Mark what you ſay, bold Lord, take heed you lay not
An Imputation on a Princely Family, [*To Rhemes.*
Adde crimes to crimes, and with invenomed Breath
Attempt to play the poyſoner o'er again.

John. Then let the injured Majeſty of *Rome*

Know

Know, the old Duke of *Saxony* held a League
Confederate with the German Traytor *Damasus*.
Card. 2. How that Arch-Heretick, that Arrian Monster,
Rebel to *Rome* and Heaven! some three years since
Burnt at *Ravenna*.
John. Yes, my Lord, the same.
Sax. This, if the Traitor proves----
John. This, if I prove not
Shame, and the publick Gibbet brand the Liar.
Card. 1. Go on, thou bold Impeacher.
Sax. Yes, go on.
Shew thy rank Gaul, and the thin Veil that shrowds it.
John. Thus let me speak. [*Produces Letters.*
Card. 2. Ha! what are these.
John. The whole
Conspiracy.
Card. 3. Let 'em be read.
Card. 4. A Pacquet
Of Letters to the Duke of *Saxony*.
Card. 3. Let 'em be read.
Card. 4. To *Albert*, Duke of *Saxony*.

Sir, [*Reads.*

I *Cannot express the transport your Royal Excellence gives me, when you tell me your Army is completely raised, and that you are ready in their head to strike your Dagger in the Gates of* Rome, *and lay the Scarlet prostitute in Ashes*----

Card. 2. *Monstrum horrendum!*

[*Reads on.*

All the Levies I can raise amongst the Loyal German Christians shall not be wanting to carry on so holy a War. Continue still to believe, that Romes *usurpt Supremacy, as it began by the grand Rebel* Phocas, *as it commenced by a Traitor, so it is maintained by an Impostor, whilst that very ground that falsly stiles it self the sacred Sheep-fold, is now made the publick Mart of Souls, the Royal Exchange for a Trade into Heaven, where Religion toils at the Mint, and Holiness sits at the Receipt of Custom, whilst the bread Seal for everlasting pardons is stampt in Gold. In fine, the Pope with all his Limbs, the Cardinals,*

Cardinals, is but a growing Hydra; *and whilst your Excellence continues your noble Resolution of being the* Hercules *that shall destroy that* Hydra, *you shall not want the prayers, nor assistance of,*

My Lord Your Excellencies dutiful and faithful Slave,
Damasus.

Sax. Oh hear me, Lords.

Card. 1. You shall be heard anon, let him read on.

Card. 1. To *Albert*, Duke of *Saxony*. [*Reads.*

Whereas your Royal Excellence is pleas'd
T'espouse the Cause of Truth and Heaven against
The false usurping Rome------

Card. 2. All the same brand.
The same black mark of Hell, we'll hear no more.

Sax. All Forgery, rank Forgery, damn'd Impostor.
My Royal Father ne'er receiv'd one syllable
Of those forged Libels, held no Heretick Leagues
With any German Traitor.

Card. 2. But, bold Defendant, speak, how do you prove
These monstrous Libels true; this League; these Letters
Received by *Saxony*, and writ by *Damasus*.---

John. By these two honest Gentlemen.

Card. 1. What are you?

Gentl. 1. Two Germans, formerly th'unhappy Servants
Of an accursed Master th' Heretick *Damasus*.
Till Heaven by his just punishment had warn'd
Our wandring Souls, and our lost sense restored.

Card. 1. And by your Oaths those were your Master's hand.

Gent. 2. My Lord, they are.

Card. 3. You saw him write 'em?

Gent. 1. Yes.

Card. 4. You knew the whole Conspiracy 'twixt him
And *Saxony*?

Gent. 2. We did.

Card. 4. Their walks, their motions?

Gent. 1. All.

Card. 4. And *Romes* Subversion was their Theam?

Gent. 1. It was.

Card. 4. Lord Cardinals, Romans, Brothers, Church-men, Friends,

Can

Can ſuch things be, and Roman Hearts not tremble,
Could ſuch a Rebel Duke deſerve to live!
Sax. By all that's good, I'll ſtake my Crown, my Life,
My Soul, theſe Slaves are falſe, let 'em but prove
One Syllable in my wrong'd Father's Hand
To countenance this Conſpiracy:
Which if they do, make Me your Martyr too;
Doom me t'a Bowl of my own Father's poiſon,
Adminiſtred by the ſame Hangman's hand.
Card 1. But can you witneſs ought of *Saxon's* Letters
Received in countenance, and anſwer to
This Treaſon!
Gent. 1. Yes, my Lord.
Card. 2. Several?
Gent. 2. Many.
Which, we as Confidents and Parties
In the Confederacy, peruſed and read.
Card. 2. Can you produce thoſe Letters?
Gent. 1. No, my Lord.
For ſtill the cautious *Damaſus* made his Soul
His Treaſons Cabinet, all dangerous Papers
No ſooner read, but burnt.
Card. 3. Politick Devil!
Sax. Excellent proof!
Oh, Roman Prelates, if you've Truth, Faith, Honour,
Remove this Cloud that ſhades my Father's Fame:
This is all Cheat, Diſguiſe, rank counterfeit.
My Royal Father was a conſtant Catholick,
His Faith and Life incorporate, his Principles
Suck'd in from *Romes* own Breaſt.
Card. 4. So 'tis a Sign.
Sax. And in ſome baſe revenge, perhaps on purpoſe
For his unſhaken conſtancy to *Rome*,
By that falſe Heretick, and this falſer Prieſt,
Thoſe very Papers were received, and ſent
My Father's Soul a Stranger to the Villany.
Low as his Grave throw down their feeble Batteries;
Oh, Romans, hold the Scale of Juſtice right;

Weigh

Weigh the true value of a Prince's Honour,
A Prince's Blood and Life.

Card. 3. Bold German, is *Romes* Wisdom, and *Romes* Conclave
To be instructed how to judge, or act?

Sax. And for that Army which my Father rais'd,
'Twas all design'd to fright our ancient Foe,
The warlike Vandal.

Rhemes. That was the pretence;
But *Romes* Subversion, and Religion's Ruine
Was the Design.

Card. 4. And my good Lord of *Rhemes*,
'Twas in prevention of a dangerous Heresie,
And to revenge our injured Church, you gave
The Duke this poyson?

Rhemes, Yes, my Lord, I did.
But, oh! it grieved my Soul to kill my Prince:
My Friend, my Patron; nay, my generous Patron:
But in a cause so just, for *Romes* bright Glory,
Our Mother Churches Right, I'd not have spared a Brother,
Father, Friend, Soveraign; in a cause so good
Kingdoms should groan, and Monarch's set in Blood.

Card. 1. Come to our Arms——

Card. 2. T' our Arms, dear Lord of *Rhemes*. [*Hugging him.*

Card. 3. Religions Bulwark——

Card. 4. Truth's Defender, welcome.

Card. 1. *Romes* Patriot, and Heaven's Champion, ever welcome
Bright Son of Fame, we and our Saints are all
Your Debtors for this meritorious Service.

Sax. Is this your Doom! Churchmen you call your selves;
Is this a Church Reward for murder'd Majesty?
Oh I could rave; but Lords, I'll reason calmly.
Grant those false Libellers, and this poysoner honest.
Yes, grant my Father that lewd thing they paint him:
Nay more, suppose th'Almighty *Rome* has power
To judge a King, and doom a Soveraign Head.

Card. 1. Suppose it, *Saxon*!

Sax. Yes, suppose it, Priest.
Were he a Criminal, why were not all

Thoſe intercepted Letters ſent to *Rome*,
And he as an Offender fairly tried,
Call'd to the Bar, to *Romes* King-killing Bar,
And his Accuſers met him face to face!

Rhemes. T'have waged in publick 'gainſt ſo great an Adverſary,
Had been t'have had our Cauſe and martyr'd Throats
Both ſilenced, Treaſon huſh'd, Truth undiſcovered,
And *Rome* for ever unrevenged.

Card. 1. How, German,
A private man impeach an Heretick King,
Call him to Law, and face to face convict him.
Does the weak Traveller face the roaring Lion,
Or ſpotted Leopard, and grapple Arm to Arm?
No, fooliſh Prince,
Does he not ſtraight fly to ſome hollow Cave,
Or climb ſome Cedars Top, from whoſe ſafe ſtand
Does he not watch a lucky hour, and ſhoot
Th'unwary Savage dead, or in a Foyl
The ſnared Devourer ſeize; and Sir,
Are Heretick Kings leſs Brutes, leſs Savages
Than Lions, Tygers, Leopards, or leſs
To be deſtroyed than they? or muſt *Rome* kill
By open hoſtile Arms? The Churches ſtrength
Lies not in Spear, or Launce, or pondrous Steel.
A Pebble ſlung from out a righteous hand
May ſtrike a Giant dead.

Sax. How, Roman Prelates,
Are theſe your Principles?
Some pitying Saint keep in my boiling rage,
And wall me round with Adamant.
Church Hypocrites! falſe Baſtard Prophets, hear me.

Card. 1. Take him away, and ſtop the Railer's Mouth.

Card. 2. No, let him ſtay, and hear the voice of *Rome*.

Card. 1. Is it by me you ſpeak?

All Card. Speak, Lord of *Millain*.

Card. 1. Firſt, our whole Conſiſtory votes her Thanks
To this illuſtrious Lord. Next, as a monument
T'an Hereticks infamy; if the Bull that hell

The sacred Drug can be by art or Gold
Recovered, we decree, that it be consecrated,
As an Eternal Relick to the Chappel at
Loretto: Lastly, that the sleeping Bones
Of the dead Saxon Heretick, unworthy
To mix with the untainted Royal Duft
Of his great Ancestors, be taken up,
Removed, and buryed in unhallow'd Ground.

Sax. Disturb my Father's Duft, what *Cerberus* Dog amongst ye
Dares growl a sound so impious?
Ye Cardinal Wolves, tear up his Royal Bones,
Do, if you dare! keep your Prerogative
To hector Kingdoms, and to hag-ride Kings.
But know,
We are too great, and *Saxony* too honest.
That Blood-hound Priest, that Jackall Monk that dares
With his invenom'd Claws but touch his Tomb,
By all the Conclave Devils, and the Ghost
Of my dead Father, dies upon a Gibbet.

Card. 2. And are we threatned too! By the Divinity
Of *Rome*, bold Arrogance, thy forfeit Head
But thrust him out, and shut our Gates against him.

The Scene shuts upon him, and the Consistory closes.

Sax. Farewel, ye Scarlet Blood-hounds:
Are these the Lords that yoke the Necks of Kings!
How sensless is that dull Imperial Head
That makes his Scepter to the Crosier bow,
By Heavens he's both a Coward and a Slave.
Romes upstart Idol 'bove his Throne he rears,
And servilely creates the God he fears,
Down goes his Majesty, and down his Fame,
Pope is the King, and Monarch but the name. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT II.

Saxony *and* Angeline.

Sax. OH *Rome*, thou once great Mistress of the World:
How much thy ancient Royal Capitol
Exceeds th'adulterate Vatican; when Pagans
And Infidels possess'd thee, they were honest.
The blind Idolaters that kneel'd and prayed
To their deaf, senseless, Molten Gods, were Saints
To this Church Spawn; this Nest of Scarlet Tyrants.
Ang. Indeed my Lord, this strange inverted Justice
Is very hard, but bear it like a man.
Sax. Yes, when I am treated like a man; but Princes
Are less than Dogs, where base-born Priests controul.
I and my Cause with all my loud tongued Wrongs
Spurn'd from their presence, and my Father's Blood,
Of that small value, that the Purple Juice
That fills the pamper'd Prelates Epicurean Gorge,
Is spilt with more Concern than the Blood of Princes.
Ang. Calm your untimely rage; when Ills are past
Redressing, and all other hope forsakes us,
Patience is then the wise man's last companion.
Sax. Patient! oh never, till *Romes* Consistory
And Justice fill one Throne, and that must be
When contraries unite, When Truth and Falshood
Incorporate. Suppose my Princely Father
Had been an Heretick: but if my Soul
Dares play the Propher, 'twas some private malice
That gave the Tragick Blow, and this pretended Heresie,
Some false Machine that moved the specious Scene.
But grant it true; why was he not accused,
Summon'd and call'd before th'all-judging *Rome*,
And doom'd by Law; if *Rome* can judge a King?
Had he been weighed in Justice equal Ballance,
And found too light, than to have hoist
The mounting Scale, and tript him up to Heaven
Had been a doom

Worthy

Worthy the Glory of the Tripple Diadem.
But to be kill'd by a Poyſoner and a Traitor,
And leſſes crimes by greater crimes be puniſh'd;
Yes, the whole Conclave hug him for the fact:
Come to our Arms, t'our Arms, dear Lord of *Rhemes*:
We and our Saints are all your Debtors.

Ang. Enough, my Lord!

Sax. Yet, what confounds all humane ſenſe to think
The Papal Crown's fix'd on this Monſter's Brow:
Nay, rais'd too by the merit of a Poyſoner:
My Father's blood advanced him to the Popedom:
Crown'd him Heaven's Vicar for Hells blackeſt Murder.

Ang. Yet hold my Lord.

Sax. With theſe damn'd Principles a begging Friar
Shall ſtab a King, a lowzy tatter'd Monk
Be a Monarch's Judge and Executioner.
Is this the Juſtice of th' Imperial Mitre!
Covents and Cloyſters thus are *Romes* Tribunals,
Daggers and Poyſons are their Axe and *Faſces*,
Pallaces their Scaffolds, and the Prieſtly Robe
The Hangman's Livery.

Enter Lorenzo, *Prieſts and* Officers.

Lor. Seize him. [*They ſeize him*

Ang. Ha! What are theſe?

Lor. I come to tell you, that your loud-mouth'd Scandals
'Gainſt *Rome*, and *Romes* Imperial Dignity
Have pulled down vengeance on your Blaſphemies.
It is his Holineſs pleaſure that you ſtand
Both excommunicated and depoſed,
Your Titles, Honours, Principalities
All forfeited and loſt, no more the Duke
Of *Saxony*, but a private Malefactor,
Mine and *Romes* Priſoner.

Ang. Cruel Stars!

Sax. Unhand me.

Lor. 'Tis too late.

Sax. Too late!
By what authority, officious Slave
To thy proud Lord, am I thus baſely ſeiz'd.
Againſt all Honour, Conſcience, Law, Religion?

Oh, the inhospitable Walls of *Rome!*
Lor. By the Imperial Roman Prelacy,
In justice to your impious Execrations.
Sax. Traytor, 'tis false, *Rome* boasting Tyrant lies,
If I have done ill, I am a Soveraign Prince;
And faults of Princes stand accountable
Only to Heaven; and that too not till death.
But *Rome* can both depose and murder Kings;
So far that pride that falsly styles it self
Servant of Servants borrows a Prerogative
Above its God; such Blasphemies are lodged
In this infallible and universal.
Lor. These dangerous outrages ill fit your fate,
But notwithstanding all your just Deserts,
Hear the soft sounds of Mercy, which I bring:
His tender Holiness in commiseration
Both of your blooming youth, and Princely Blood,
Tells you by me, if prostrate on your knees
You implore pardon both from Heaven and him,
That done, the bright Divinity of *Rome*
Stoops from his Throne, and lays his Thunder by
T' accept your penitence; his Royal Mercy
Shines pity on you.
Sax. Oh this proud Church-Gyant!
Lor. This expiatory Sacrifice perform'd
Your Honours, and your freedom are restored.
Sax. Unparallel'd Arrogance. Draw me, some Painter,
This Church Leviathan, draw him at full length;
In some deep Ocean, bottomless as Hell,
And wide as Worlds for his vast Bulk to move in;
Paint his each breath a Storm, each Rowl a Tide,
And every Gust from his impetuous Nostrils
A Mountain Sea, then write Pope underneath.
Lor. To this your Answer?
Ang. Oh, my dearest Lord,
Remember you're the Soveraign Duke of *Saxony*,
Move not one step below your Princely Honour
To save ten thousand lives.
Lor. A divine Creature!

And worth the pawning of a Soul t'enjoy. [*Aside*

Ang. Let him go on, and lodge us in a Dungeon
As far removed from Light as is the Pope from Heaven;
Before we'll ſtoop but to one abject thought,
Or bend a Knee t'a Royal Father's Murderer.

Lor. Gods, a rare Girl; a prize, an excellent prize. [*Aside*

Sax. Light of my world, how charming is thy pride?
But doubt not my beſt life, when I do ought
Below the Glory of my Father's Son,
Sink me, juſt Heaven, below my Father's Fate.

Lor. Convey him hence. This Lady is my charge.

Sax. Muſt we two part? Is this your Tyrants doom!

Lor. Till ſatisfactory Atonement's made
To his offended Holineſs ſhe ne'er
Muſt ſee you more; but that juſt debt once paid,
Then live and love for ever.

Sax. Oh this Thunder-ſtroak!

Ang. Farewel, my Soul, my deareſt Lord farewel:
Keep up your courage, guard your Royal Honour:
Think not one thought below your Princely Birth
To ſave your Princeſs Life, rather behold
My martyr'd Blood bedew the ſprinkled Sky.
Rather in deaths long Night, and the dark Grave
Our Fame ſtill white our unſtain'd duſt we'll lay;
Then move inglorious t'a new Nuptial Day.

Sax. My Hearts beſt Blood, and my Souls deareſt Oracle,
Farewel; if Heaven e're joyns what Hell divides,
We meet in Glory, or we part for ever. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

The Conclave with the Ceremony of the Popes inſtallment.

Card. 1. Hail, Heaven's great Vicar, uncontroul'd diſpoſer
Of Crowns and Thrones both temporal and immortal.

Card. 2. Thou wanderers Night-Star, and Believers Sun
Of Glory.

Card. 1. The Lord of Souls and Worlds, univerſal Head
Of Empires, Principalities, Powers, Potentates.

Card. 3. Thou prop and pillar of mortality.

Card. 4. And Baſis of Eternity, all hail.

Omnes. All hail,

Card. 2.

Card. 2. To crown all these;
Thou Servant of the Servants of the Saints,
All hail.

Omnes: All hail.

Card. 1. By thee the humble reigns, the proud dethroned:
The Loyal Proselyte fenced in with glory,
And the Apostatized Rebellious Heretick
Shut out from Hopes and Heaven.

Pope. My gracious Lords, since *Romes* Imperial Power
You to my undeserving hand have given;
For my first Service to the Church and Heaven
How have I merited the prize I have won,
How little has my humble Nonage done?
When I
In Saxons Blood did my young hand embrue,
'Twas but the Snake I in my Cradle slew.
But now our glorious work begins; oh *Rome*
Our vast Herculean Labours are to come.

Card. 3. Spoke like the Lord of *Rome*, your God-like self,
The sole Vicegerent of Omnipotence.

Pope. Romes sacred Head, and *Romes* Supremacy
Is the Worlds true invincible *Alcides*:
Those fabulous wonders Story once did give
To that feign'd Hero, in our Greatness live.
Error's black Sink is that Augean Stable
Which *Romes* Divinity can only cleanse.
The growling Pagan, and Fanatick Snarler
The vanquish'd Dogs of Hell, the numerous Heads
Of Schism and Heresie the conquer'd *Hydra*;
And when
We the rank blood of Heretick Monarchs spill,
'Tis then, 'tis then
We the true Nemeæan Monsters kill:
When to summ all, to our sole charge is given
The absolute Trust, and the whole weight of Heaven
The wearied *Atlas* we alone supply,
And on *Romes* Neck rests the supported Sky. [*The Scene shuts.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT III.

Pope, Lorenzo, Amiran.

Pope. THou look'ſt as if thou wouldſt ſurvey my pomp,
How doſt thou like the Port our Greatneſs bears,
Do we not play the Royal Maſquerader nobly?
Lor. Above all admiration. Wonder it ſelf
Muſt want a Tongue to praiſe you to the Life;
And time that eats up Monuments, wants power
To bound your deathleſs fame.
Pope. I thank thee, honeſt Flatterer.
Lor. But, Madam,
You know I've loved you almoſt two whole years;
Yet what's moſt wondrous, even in your embraces,
Am ignorant what Goddeſs I enjoy.
I've ſeen but the laſt page of your great life;
The miraculous cauſe of your Sexes Transformation,
Your ſetting out in your prodigious Race,
And the firſt mover of your Orb of Glory,
You have conceal'd from your poor Loyal Slave.
Why thus reſerved, or why reſerved to me?
Be kind at laſt, and ſatisfie my long
Juſt curioſity. Come bleſs my Ears,
And let me read the mighty Volume through
Not that I care three *Drachmas* for the Story,
Only I'd ſeem impertinently kind,
And buz about the ears of what I am weary of [*Aſide.*
To hide my paſſion for the Saxon Dutcheſs:
Perhaps indeed the Story may have Love in't,
And that has kept it from my longing ears:
Alas, I am ſenſible you never came
A Virgin to my Arms; and you may ſafely
And boldly own my happy Predeceſſors.
I can't be jealous of forſaken Rivals,
Since now you're only mine.
Pope, Well, my *Lorenzo*,
Thou haſt conquer'd me. Attend, and glut thy wonder.
Know I was born at *Mentz* in *Germany*,

My Virgin Name *Joanna Anglica*,
My Quality Noble, and my Fortunes ample,
My Beauty dazling; and to crown all these,
My Soul was brighter than the Shrine that held it.
Heaven gave me those prodigious depths of knowledge,
That infinite Mass of Sense, that with disdain
I left my native barbarous *Germany*,
To search the Treasures of the Learned *Athens*.
Lor. These Virtues mark'd you out your Sexes wonder.
Pope. Yes, I already seem'd design'd for Greatness;
As many Languages as *Romes* proud Hills
My Virgin Nonage spoke. As many Arts and Sciences
As the famed Stagyrite studied to inspire [*Aristotle* and
The Conqueror of the Universe, were mine. *Alexander.*
So far I sadom'd into Books, Men, Manners,
Reasons, Religions; I could take all Forms:
The perfect Christian, or complete Philosopher;
Could give the Earth and the Heavens first Foundation
To Nature, or to Natures God at pleasure:
Dispute on both sides, and on both sides vanquish.
So fair I stood for the world's awful Thunderer,
Wits Goddess from my Brain already born.
Lor. Your Story breeds amazement and delight.
Pope. Thus far for a Scholar.
Now for a Traveller. *Athens* I left
To pay a visit to her younger, but
Her fairer, and her prouder Sister *Rome*.
And thence
I past through *Italy*, *Spain*, *France*, *Germany*.
Thus far I kept my Virgin Whiteness fair.
Not but I had all
That high Spring Tide within my youthful Veins
That bursts the Adamantine Walls of Honour,
And makes that Breach where Love and Ruine enter.
But 'twas my pride preserved my guarded Innocence.
Who yields to Love, makes but vain man her Lord:
And I who had studied all the greater Globe.
Scorn'd to be Vassal to the lesser world.
Lor. But did that pride continue?
Pope. No, *Lorenzo*,

The Fort was ſtorm'd, and my proud Heart ſurrender'd.
My Virgin-Spoils were the great Duke of *Saxony*'s.
Lor. How, this young Prince's Father? were you both
His Miſtreſs, and his Confeſſor?
Pope. Attend me,
And hear the wondrous Tale. For two long years
I lived a Lady in the Saxon Court,
And the Dukes private Miſtreſs, undiſcovered
Both by his Dutcheſs, that ſharp watchful *Juno*,
And this young Prince, that ſubtle *Mercury*.
During this ſpace, by my curs'd Sexes fate,
That doats on its deſtruction, my fond kindneſs
Daily increas'd, grew to that height till time
Had blown a ſpark into a conflagration.
On th'other ſide this falſe ungrateful Dukes
Declining Love decreas'd as faſt;
Degenerated to that monſtrous coldneſs,
Till like the North he froze before my Sun.
Lor. This inhumanity was more than barbarous.
Pope. And I rewarded him like a Barbarian.
At laſt my Patience, Reaſon, Kindneſs, all
Tired out, my ſlighted Love at length converted
To the moſt mortal hate, rage and revenge.
'Twas then I left his Court.
Lor. Bravely reſolved!
Pope. And weary of my own deteſted Shape,
I took the habit of a man, and entred
I'th' Order of the Benedictine Monks.
Page. But why a Monk? why not t'a Nunnery?
That laſt retreat of all diſtreſſed Sinners.
Where the poor Nymph flies her falſe Shepherd's Arms,
Mourns her neglected Sighs, and fading charms.
To a Church Anthem tunes her tender Cries;
Whilſt like th' expiring Swan ſhe ſings and dies.
Lor. Yes, Madam, why not to a Nunnery?
Pope. No; that had been t' have publiſh'd my deſpair,
And given th'inſulting Duke too great a Triumph.
Beſides a Prieſt was th' Engine for my vengeance.
Thus mask'd and Shrowded in his borrowed Ruſſet,

Back to the Court I went, in hopes, if possible,
To trace the haunts of that perfidious Duke,
And learn the fatal face that had destroyed me.
For well I feared some interposing Mistress
Had been the cause of my Ecclipsing Lustre:
And mark how fortune prosper'd my design.
It happened the Dukes Ghostly Father died.
And I by my kind stars, strook in,
And was most fortunately made his Successor.

Lor. Most admirable!

Pope. Thus by being his Confessor,
His Bosom, and his Soul was all my own,
My long Prophetick Fears proved but too true;
A beauteous Saxon Lady, called *Leonora*,
Was the curst Ravisher of all my Joys.

Lor. But could you keep your person and your voice
Still undiscovered?

Pope. Oh, an absolute *Proteus*!
Bore my disguise so well. — In short, his Love
To this new face, unlike my harder fate,
Took every day new Fire, out-ran all Bounds,
And flow'd as fast as e'er it ebb'd to Me.
Whilst I by being his Priest, his Conscience Confident,
Was Baud to that Intrigue that had undone me.
This swell'd my Gaul into the rankest Malice,
And made my Blood ferment into a fury.
And then I laid the Plot for his destruction.
In the Dukes name I held a correspondence
With *Damasus* the German Heretick.

Lor. In the Dukes name? was not the Duke himself
In the Conspiracy?

Pope. By *Jove*, not He.

Lor. Was that your mighty Cause before the Conclave ---

Pope. Cheat, Artifice, all Trick. The Duke, poor Man,
Knew not one syllable of the Confederacy.
I treated with the German, promis'd him
In the Dukes name, Rebellions, Mutinies,
To break the Roman Yoke, renounce the Pope,
And draw all *Saxony* to the Revolt.
I was the Prince's private Secretary, I writ

I writ all Letters, order'd all Returns
To be directed to my hand, his Letters
To th' Duke inclos'd in mine; and thus I gain'd
The niceſt point of the moſt exquiſite Treaſon.
At laſt to conſummate my full Revenge,
I fairly poyſon'd him.

Lor. Beyond all preſident.
Never was ſlighted Lady ſo revenged.,
Or a loft Game ſo play'd.

Pope. 'Twas great, 'twas excellent.
And the ſucceſs rewards me with a Diadem.
What nobler heights, or what ſublimer Glories
Than what Revenge and Treaſon have atchieved!
Did not the Superſtitious Ancients give
Their univerſal God-head to a Traytor?
When depoſed *Saturn* from his Seat was driven,
Jove, the proud Rebel, ſeiz'd the Throne of Heaven.

Enter Saxony, *led in by Officers.*

Lor. To my fair Priſoner. This bleſt hour 's my own. [*Exit.*

Pope. Saxon, I ſent for thee to let thee know,
Thy Blaſphemies have piere'd th' Eternal Ear;
Thy loud licentious Tongue 'gainſt Us and our
Unſpotted Church, our ever holy Mother
Would juſtly thruſt thee a Rebellious Son
For ever baniſh'd from the Realms of Bliſs;
Did not our Royal interpoſing Mercy
Step in between thy angry God and thee.

Sax. Gygantick Arroganee. Match me this pride, [*Aſide.*
Since his firſt proud Original, the great *Lucifer*
Led his bright Hoſt againſt th' immortal Throne.

Pope. But, *Saxon*, peace and ſafety wall thee round,
Heavens and our pardon on thy knees implored,
We, and our injured Church vouchſafe to look
With Eyes of Pity, open our ſealed Gates
To a repenting Fugitive, reſtore
Thy forfeit Crown, and no leſs forfeit Soul.

Sax. And would the gilded Pageantry of *Rome*,
That upſtart Idol called a Pope
Make the great Duke of *Saxony* Crouch

Crouch like a Slave, and bend his abject knee
To his Royal Father's Murderer!
Pope. How, bold Blaſphemer!
Sax. Yes, bolder Poyſoner, to my Father's Traitor.
But dares thy baſeneſs think the Souls of Princes
Form'd of that Indian Mould to kneel to Devils?
Pope. Ha!
Sax. Look big, ſtrut on, yes, baſe-born Greatneſs, do;
Like the black Prince of th' Air, o'erlook the world beneath thee.
But let thy Conſcience tell thy vaunting pride,
That thinks it ſelf the Cedar of the Grove,
That thou art only a rank Church-yard Cypreſs,
Rooted and planted amongſt Tombs and Charnels,
You ſuck'd your Verdure from my Father's Grave.
A Princes murder rais'd you to your Throne,
And pay'd a Traytor's Wages with a Crown.
Pope. Audacious Impudence. Poor crawling Inſect;
But I am too tame, and ſhame the Throne that holds me,
I tell thee, *Saxon*, thou ſhalt groan in Chains.
Sax. I tell thee, Prieſt, thou lyeſt, I ſcorn to groan.
Load me with Shackles, torture me with Wracks,
As numberleſs as are thy Crimes, rank Prelate,
And know to the confuſion of thy pride,
My Body is as hard as is thy Conſcience,
And ſcorns to groan as much as thou.
Pope. Silence his outrage in a Jayl, away with him.
Sax. A Jayl! ſtay Slaves, uſurping Tyrant tell me
By what authority the power of *Rome*
Commands the Fortunes, Crowns and Lives of Princes.
And thou that falſly ſtyleſt thy ſelf a Churchman,
Dareſt break a Sacrament of Heaven, divorce
The ſacred Partner of my Joys and Me?
Pope The Lives and Crowns of Princes, what are th
But the Creation of our Breath! ſhall we
Who from immediate Heaven derived have right
To make or unmake Saints, want power t'enthrone
Or depoſe Kings, diſpoſe of Crowns above,
And yet not place 'em here! command Eternity,
And have mortality controul us?
But do I talk, like a deſcending God

Stoop

Stoop to converſe with poor and humble duſt.
Dull Slaves away.
Sax. Yet ſtay, deſcending God,
And hear what Altar I intend to build thee.
If 'tis decreed my ſhort-lived Blaze of Glory,
A martyr'd Prince's Life like a poor Taper
Muſt be puffed out by that baſe poyſonous blaſt,
That vengeance which my fetter'd Arms want power
To give, I will entail upon my Heirs.
Now by my Royal murder'd Father's blood,
Whoſe each leaſt drop outweighs thy Soul, lewd Prieſt,
He is a Baſtard to the Blood of *Saxony*,
That ſhall not croſs himſelf but at thy name
With greater dread than to face an Hoſt of Devils;
And in each morning Letany he makes,
He ſhall place thee before Wars, Plagues and Famines;
Whilſt his each Bead that drops a Prayer to Heaven,
Shall blend a Curſe to thee. Nay, you ſhall hear me.
Pope. Ye Gods, his Father's Shape, his Face, his Meen. [*Aſide.*
Sax. By Heavens, the very Girls through all my *Saxony*,
That have no Weapons above their Needles,
Shall in revenge of thy deteſted name,
Limb that curſt Head in their embroidered Toys,
And execute that Monſter in Effigie.
Pope. His Father's Spirit too! Gods! with what courage [*Aſide.*
He ſtemms that Torrent that he knows can drown him.
'Tis bold, 'tis bravely bold. Where am I going!
Sax. Nay, by my Soul, I will bequeath my Dukedom
To Painters and Engravers to revenge me.
There's not that humbleſt Roof in all the principality
Of *Saxony*, that ſhall not have thy face
Drawn to the life in Hell. Nay, every Portal
To a Stable, or a Jakes
Shall have thy Picture drawn upon a Gibbet.
Pope. Remove that frantick Railer from our preſence,
And lodge the feeble Snarler in a Dungeon.
Oh ſtay my fluttering Soul. [*Aſide.*
Sax. Yes Fire and Faggot Prieſt, to a Dungeon:
Remove me from that Gorgon Pope,

That

That fiery ſcorching Dog-ſtar of the world,
His peſtilential Air 's too hot to breath in. [*Exit, forced out by the Officers.*

Manent only the Pope and Page.

Pope. How doſt thou like this fierce, this hectoring Duke!
Methinks he ſtands my rage like a Corinthian
Coloſſus, bears his Brow high as that Cloud
That thunders round his Head, and his unſhaken Feet
O'er-ſtride a Tempeſt, and a Sea beneath him.
Is he not bold, is he not truly brave?

Page. Bolder and braver than a dying Saint,
And no leſs conſtant. So th'undaunted Martyr
Smiles at the Stake, and triumphs in the Fire,
Whilſt his high Cauſe does his great Soul inſpire.
If I may ſpeak my thoughts of him,
I like Him better than his Fate.

Pope. Oh Girl, thou haſt touch'd me to the very heart.
His Father's Courage, Form, his Father all;
Thoſe very eyes that ſtabb'd my Virgin Soul.
Oh *Amiran*, thy Miſtreſs is undone.
I kill'd the Father, and now love the Son.

Page. How Madam!

Pope. Gorged with the Fountain, for the Stream I thirſt.
And teeming with th'unnatutal Monſter burſt. [*Exit.*

Page. Where will this end! If ſhe goes on, this ſtrange
And monſtrous Feaver can't but end in Ruine.
Oh *Saxony*, if thou haſt ſuch powerful Charms,
Thy Eyes thy Father's Vengeance will purſue,
And act what thy weak Arm could never do. [*Exit.*

Enter Pope alone.

Pope. How am I loſt in my impoſſible
Deſires; I die for the Duke of *Saxony*;
Die for that very man of th' whole Creation,
That in my caſe my fatal Circumſtances

With

With all the mighty ſolid Barrs between us,
I with leſs eaſe or hope can think t'enjoy,
Then I could take a Lodging with a Salamander.
Suppoſe his Virtues ſtood not in my way;
But like his Fathers were as weak and eaſie
To be ſubdued; yet I of all my Sex
For ever muſt deſpair: Through all diſguiſes
He'll track the features of his Father's poyſoner.
But grant it poſſible I could deceive him,
Can I deceive my old Domeſtick Jayler
Lorenzo, that ſtale Rifler of my pleaſures?
The very man, who when I ſtoop'd to make him
Slave to my Luſt, at the ſame hour I made him
Lord of my Life: on both ſides I am undone,
I ſtarve at Shoar, and if I launch, I drown.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Angeline.

What have we here? [*Abſconding.*
Angel. Becauſe my cruel Stars think fit to make
My Lord and me your Tyrant Maſter's prey;
Becauſe our Lives and Crowns the droſs of Princes
A profane hand may reach, dare you preſume,
Audacious Slave, to think my Soul your prize,
And talk of Love to me!
Lor. Madam, I know
Our infinite diſtance, own your higher Sphere.
Yet Slaves may barter with an Emperor,
And ſell a Jewel to adorn a Crown;
Madam, I do not ask your Love for Love;
I bring a price to purchaſe your affection,
Would buy your favour with your Husband's life.
Ang. My Husband's life!
Lor. Yes, Madam.
Pope. Excellent. [*Aſide.*
Lor. You know my intereſt in his Holineſs:
'Tis in my power to re-inſtall your Lord

In all his Glories; bribe me with your Love
And by all that Heaven which thoſe warm ſmiles can give,
I'll burſt his Chains, diſpel his gloomy Fate,
Preſent him with his Liberty and Crown.

Ang. And dares the Hell-hound breath this Blaſphemy?
No; execute your ſavage Tyrants doom;
And lay that Royal Pile of Majeſty
Low as the duſt. Better my Princely Lord
With all the Loads of Shame and Wracks ſhould die,
Than the leaſt ſpot ſhould ſtain his Princeſs Heart.

Lor. Horrour and Death. [*Diſcovering the Pope.*
Retire ſweet Excellence,
All ſhall be well, all ſhall be ſafe.

[*Puts* Angeline *out, and locks her into another Room.*

Pope. So my brisk Youth, I ſee my Favours have not
Been thrown away upon you; you've improved
Your Manhood, and the rich Court Paſture
Agrees with your warm Blood.

Lor. Curſt accident!
Now could I ſwear and lie, but to what purpoſe! [*Aſide.*
She has caught me in my Villany.

Pope. Why ſo profound a ſilence! Have her Charms
And your new Extaſies quite ſtruck you dumb.

Lor Madam, t'abuſe you, and deny or leſſen
Offences, would be to increaſe their Guilt.
And not t'incur that Blame, forgive me when I tell you,
By your command I ſeiz'd that beauteous prize,
And ſhe has made Reprizals of my Heart.

Pope. Oh black ingratitude! have I advanced
This low-Born Infidel; preferr'd him, loved him,
Only to nurſe a Traitor?

Lor. Why a Traitor!
I own your favours all; own 'em with Reverence,
And like the grateful Perſian I adore
That Sun, that Ligh't, and warm'd me into Life
Yet man's but man; and though our humane Breaſts
Are fill'd; fill'd up with Honour, Gratitude,

Devotion,

Devotion, all thoſe manly maſſy Virtues,
Yet Love's that ſtrange Mercurial part of Souls,
It ſubt'ly creeps through all, and glides through every pore.
And I ſhould play the Hypocrite not to own
I ſigh and die for that illuſtrious Face.

Pope. Oh, you're an Artiſt at a treacherous Argument.
But by my Glory, by that powerful Glory
That firſt exhaled thee from thy humble Earth,
And rais'd thee up into a ſhining Meteor,
I'll lay thee in thy native Durt.

Lor. How, Madam?

Pope. By all my hopes I'll do't.

Lor. Do if you dare.

Pope. Do you think to fright me? Yes, miſtaken Slave,
I will diſrobe you of your ſhining Plumes.

Lor. Yes, do, majeſtick Vanity; ſoar like
The Bird of *Jove*, keep on your Airy Flight;
But know
High as you are, there's a vaſt Gulph beneath you:
I am the Wax cements your borrow'd Wings,
And when you melt me off, you ſink and drown.

Pope. Then you'll betray me. Are we braved and hector'd,
And ſhall that hold my Daſtard Arm?
Sink Honour, Power, Life, Greatneſs, periſh all:
I'll be reveng'd or die. Who waits there?
There ſeize that Rebel.

Enter Attendants.

[*They ſeize him.*

Lor. And dare you put in action what you threaten!

Pope. You ſee I dare.

Lor. Bid 'em withdraw.

Pope. Withdraw. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Lor. Thus low I own your ſacred vengeance juſt.
But Mercy is the nobleſt Attribute
Where Beauty's the Divinity. And Madam,
Can you forgive me;

Pope. In you firſt remember

How I have loved you.
I had a little Beauty to endear you;
Love I have had infinite, and truth unſpeakable.
And to all theſe
The Princely Fortunes of a Roman Prelate,
T'exhauſt in our delights, and to ſumm all
My Royal Bounties in one word.
My Traitor ſhares my Crown; yet not theſe Bonds can hold you.
Lor. Oh, Madam, you reproach my infidelity
So well, you make my wandring Eyes look inwards,
And view my hated Guilt with ſhame and horrour.
Pope. All other yielding Ladies only hazard
A little fame, and meet their happy Lovers
On Beds of Down, but I have done more for you,
Have hazarded my Honour and my Head,
For with my Sex I truſt you with my life:
And can you play the Traitor to ſuch Love,
T' a heart ſo generous, and ſo true?
Lor. No more.
From this bleſt hour I'll loath that fair Inchantreſs,
View her bright Treſſes as the Snakes of Furies,
And come a perfect Convert to theſe Arms.
Pope. Now you are good.
Lor. I'll ſhun the dangerous Quickſand.
Steer'd by theſe Eyes, ſhall all my Streamers flie:
And as
The wandring Voyager come ſafe to Shoar,
Pays his beſt Thanks to Heaven for his Return,
All my Loves Incenſe to this Saint ſhall burn.
Pope. And will you love me ſtill!
Lor. Not *Cæſar*'s Spoils,
Nor *Alexander*'s World ſhall ſhake my faith.
Not the bright Ruler of the Day,
Should he reſign the Chariot of the Sun,
Shall bribe one thought aſtray.
Pope. You make moſt wonderful large promiſes;
But can you keep 'em?

Lor.

Lor. Can you doubt me now!
Pope. But Sir, the time may come
When you ſhall think me old.
Lor. Oh never.
Pope. Yes.
The time will come when in your reſtleſs thoughts
You will look back on what I have made you loſe,
Then cry you 've had me long; Time and Enjoyment
Have worn the pleaſure dull. But could I,
Could I forgoe the charming *Angeline.*
Lor. Why this unkind ſuſpicion?
Pope. Well, I'll be generous, aud believe your heart
Securely mine. Yet this I am bound to ſay,
I ought a little to excuſe your frailty,
When yon had ſuch a Conqueror. Envy it ſelf
Muſt own her fair, fair to a miracle.
A prodigy of Beauty.
Lor. Yes indeed.
She's very fair.
Pope. No wonder now that the loud ſpreading Glory
Of the incomparable *Angeline,*
The far famed Roman Princeſs charm'd her Duke
From out his diſtant *Germany.* A Cauſe
Enough to have fired a ſecond *Hannibal*
O'er the cold *Alpes,* when *Rome* had ſuch a prize.
Yet ſtay——
I ſhould be loath to draw her Picture
Above the life. *Lorenzo,* prethee tell me,
I think I do not flatter.
Lor. Truly, Madam,
Not much.
Pope. No; ſhe's the Miſtreſs of thoſe vaſt perfections,
As Nature ne'er deſign'd for common Conqueſts:
Methinks I could walk o'er that ample Field of Beauty,
Survey her all, then tell me ſhe has a Brow
All Majeſty, and yet withal ſo full
Of innocent ſweetneſs, that methinks her Looks
Darting through th'awful Glories of her Eyes

Smile

Smile like an Infant in an Angel's Boſom.

Lor. What divine Muſick's this? [*Aſide.*

Pope. Then ſhe has an Eye
So ſparkling as might charm an Anchoret:
In his cold Cell even Age it ſelf inſpire,
And his ſtarved Veins ferment into a Fire.
And ſhe has a Meen——

Lor. Oh hold, my wounds are freſh,
And my diſtemper'd Soul but newly healed:
And if you ſtill purſue this dangerous Theam,
I ſhall relapſe into my burning Feaver,
And light th'unhallowed dying Fires again.

Pope. To count up all her Charms, ſhe has a Beauty
Enough t'attract all Eyes, all Hearts,
Exhaled like Morning Dew before the Sun.

Lor. Madam, no more, you have talkt till I am undone.

Pope. Yes, have we ſo; now where's your high-flown Raptures?
Not the bright Ruler of the Day
Should he reſign the Chariot of the Sun——

Lor. Yet ſtop.

Pope. Now Vows, now Faith, where are you? where's
Your *Cæſar*'s Spoils, and *Alexander*'s World
That could not bribe one thought aſtray.

Lor. Dear Madam.
If you have pity hold.

Pope. Nay, you ſhall hear me.
Oh unexampled perjury! But now
Attend, and liſten to your puniſhment.

Lor. Be merciful.

Pope. You ſhall enjoy this Princeſs.

Lor. How Madam?

Pope. By my life you ſhall enjoy her.
Nay, do not ſtart; know I have only acted
The ſeeming Thunderer, and wrought you up
To all this full confeſſion of your Falſhood,
Have made this trial of your Faith to find you
That very thing my raviſh'd Soul could wiſh you:
For now I dare with greater boldneſs tell you,

I love

I love her Lord, love the great Duke of *Saxony*
With fiercer Fires, than you his charming Dutcheſs.
And when I give you leave to obtain your wiſhes,
You muſt be juſt, and aid me to crown mine.
Lor. Are you in earneſt?
Pope. By my Royalty I am.
Storm on, and conquer, melt her frozen Virtue.
And love and ſurfeit like a reveling God.
Lor. Let me embrace your Knees.
What can I do to pay you for this kindneſs?
I am too tardy in my Gratitude:
Say ſhall I bring the *Saxon* to your Bed,
By *Jupiter* I'll drag him to your arms,
And when your riotous Love, like a keen Eagle
Has ſoared ſo long, till one dull Quarry tires you,
Chuſe out freſh Game, new Youth, new Veins to pleaſe you;
Survey your *Rome*, look round your ample world,
Mark out that face that you deſign for Sacrifice,
By Heaven's bright Throne 'tis yours.
Pope. Thanks, dear *Lorenzo.*
This is extremely kind. But, oh! I love
Where all Attempts, and even all hopes are vain.
My Wings are pinnion'd, and my Feet are chain'd,
And the broad Gulph between us is unpaſſable.
Lor. Madam, 'tis true, you've a hard Game to play:
But don't deſpair: for methinks there's ſomething
Prophetick in my working Soul that tells me
I ſhall do wonders in your Cauſe, when *Angeline*
Is my Reward; and when my active Brain
Has form'd that great *Minerva*: (for, by Heavens
He muſt and ſhall be yours;) know Madam,
I'll bring you to his Arms with as much pleaſure
As ever I received you in my own.
Pope. Why! this is as it ſhould be. Why ſhould we
Who've loved and loved till we have pall'd our Appetites,
Drawn off Loves Nectar to the dregs, be Slaves
To ſenſleſs Conſtancy! Give me a looſe
In pleaſures uncontrouled, unlimited

As Ocean Tides, whoſe wanton Billows roar,
Rove, and roll on to the World's utmoſt Shore.
Theſe, theſe, are my Principles.

Lor. By Heavens; and mine.

Pope. Give me your hand; hence forward let our Wills
Admit no Bounds, our Pleaſures no controul:
In our delights, let old *Romes* Glory ſhine,
Thou the briſk *Tarquin*, I the wanton *Meſſaline*. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene the Priſon, which opening, diſcovers variety of Hereticks in ſeveral Tortures.

Heretick 1. Oh for a Sword, a Dagger through my heart. Oh

Her. 2. Savage Tormenters, hold! oh! [*Groa*

Her. 3. Barbarian Devils! oh!

Prieſt. Peace Heretick, or I ſhall burn that Tongue out.
Theſe lingring Torments are but lent in kindneſs
T' inure you for damnation.

Her. 3. Tyrant Monſters.

Prieſt 1. When your Apoſtacy from Truth and Heaven
Has light your ſcorching Souls, you'll find Hell hotter.

Enter the Duke of Saxony, *brought in by Officers.*

Sax. Where am I brought. T' a Roman Priſon. Death!
Is this the place! Hold, Miniſter of Horrour,
Why all this Cruelty?

Prieſt 1. Ask when you feel it.

Sax. Bold Slave, is this an anſwer for a Prince!

Prieſt 1. Bold Prince, is this a queſtion for a Prieſt?
A Prince! a Pigmey; poor gay fool examine,
Your Circumſtances, and this Place; and then
Ask who's the Slave, dull Dotard, thou or I.

Sax. Traytor, I'll tear thy heart out. [*Offers at him.*

Prieſt. 1. Seize the Mad-man. [*They ſeize* Saxony.
Nay, do not ſwagger; if you are ſo hot,
We'll cool you e'er we part.

Sax.

Sax. Gods! am I ſeiz'd
And braved by Raſcals?
1 Prieſt. Inſolent Earth and Aſhes,
Do you know who 'tis we are?
Sax. Yes, Ruffains, wondrous well;
The Popes Edge-tools, the Armour of the Beaſt;
The ſcales and tail of that huge monſtrous *Hydra*;
And whenſoere his boyling Venome hiſſes,
You ſting and kill: Ye rank infectious Limbs----
But, Gods! that I ſhould ſtoop to ſcold with Villains!
Patience, if ever thou wert a Royal Vertue,
Keep in my Gall, and make my Rage burn inwards.
2 Prieſt. Bold Lord, you take a wondrous Priviledge,
To talk thus rudely
To the Maſters of your Fate. Think where you ſtand.
Sax. Yes, Prieſt, in the Popes Shambles;
Yes, I am ſnared; now, Pope, thou haſt me ſafe:
The ſcorn of Fortune, and the ſport of Villains.
So when the Princely Lion's in the toil,
Each Cur dares bark at him.

Enter Lorenzo.

What makes him here? How! new Tormentors ſtill!
Lor. No, Royal Sir. ---- Leave us alone. *Exeunt all but*
Sax. What now! Sax. *and* Lor.
Speak, what new Storm? this Monſter ne'er ſails by,
But where the ſtream runs Bloud.
Lor. No more that Monſter.
Behold an humble Penitent at your feet. *Kneels.*
Moſt injured Majeſty, my trembling Soul
Droops at your fate.
Sax. A very excellent Maſk!
Lor. Sir, to remove all thoughts
Of ſuch Hypocriſie,----Bring in that Lady.

Angeline *is brought in vail'd; which upon her entrance ſhe pulls off.*

Here be as happy as thoſe Charms can make you.
Sax. My ſweeteſt *Angeline!*
Ang. My Lord, my Life!

Sax. Nay, Sir, talk on; perhaps thou mayst be honest,
Since these are thy Credentials.
Lor. Yes, my Lord,
I am.
Sax. Indeed thou shouldst be so; for sure
No treacherous hand could make me such a Present:
Yet I have had such wrongs, so much foul play,
That I mistrust the fairest Cast of Fortune;
And some new Plot may lurk even in these Arms.
Speak; is there Heav'n or Hell within this Circle?
Lor. Heav'n, Sir, if she can give it you. By all
My hopes, I am your slave; my tyrant Lord,
The Popes Barbarity, and your hard fortunes, have so perfectly
Converted me, that as an expiation
Of my past Crimes, with hazard of my life,
I bring this Lady to your Arms.
Ang. Nay, Sir,
If there be truth in Oaths, he has sworn so heartily,
That sure this pleasing Vision must be true.
Lor. I must be brief; there's danger in my stay.
Know then, the cruel Pope my much-loath'd Master
Continues still almost inexorable;
Yet though you are lodged within this dismal Scene
Of Tyranny, I have prevail'd so far,
That no Barbarity t'your Royal Person
Shall here be offered you: Your freedom onely
Denied; and that's not in my pow'r to give:
And yet in time I hope t'obtain that too.
For by my Soul, if all my Art and Interest
Can serve you, I'll restore your clouded brightness
To all its lustre; and that too, without
Your least submission t'an unprincely thought,
Below the honour of the Duke of *Saxony*.
Sax. Let me embrace this Miracle of Goodness.
This is so strangely kinde! *Enter* Amiran.
Amir. Oh, Sir, take heed!
A general Murmur runs thro' all the Princes Jaylours,
To know why you have broken their strict Orders,

And brought a Lady to their Royal Priſoner.
Ang. And can there be that ſtorm muſt part us now?
Lor. Sir, though your Jaylours are too numerous
To be all bribed, and Faith in multitudes
Can never be repoſed; yet I have found
One honeſt Prieſt amongſt them: him I have made mine,
Made mine by gold; and though this fatal place
To this fair Gueſt is now forbidden ground,
And I muſt take her from you; yet at night,
A dark and ſafer hour,
By his aſſiſtance, through a private door,
This Page ſhall bring your Princeſs to your Bed.
Alas, this homely Palace does ill ſute
Your Royal Joys; yet that Love will excuſe:
And 'tis no little tranſport to my Soul,
That 'tis within my power to make you happy.
Sax. Never did Friendſhip equal thine; thou beſt---
Lor. Nay, Sir, no thanks; 'tis more than I deſerve:
For the whole ſtudy of my life to ſerve you,
Is but th'atonement of my greater guilt.
But one thing, Sir, I had forgot to tell you:
Take heed that you are ſilent in your Loves;
For there are many dangerous Ears around you,
And a diſcovery may coſt
Your loyal ſlave his head.
Sax. Oh, fear not that.
Lor. We muſt make haſte, our danger calls us hence.
Ang. Farewel, my deareſt Lord.
Sax. Till night, farewel.
Night, did I ſay? No, dazling Brightneſs, no;
Thy Sweets drive Sorrows, Pains, and Shades away:
And in thy Arms 'tis everlaſting day.

ACT the Fourth.

Enter Lorenzo *and Pope. She in her womans habit.*

Pope. OH, I could hug thee for this rare deſigne.
Never was Night ſo pleaſant, or a Plot
So artful, or ſo proſperous;
To draw him in with the falſe Maſk of Friendſhip,
Then throw his Lady to him for a lure,
And ſo to make his very Love my Bawd;
Bait our falſe Hook with her bewitching Eyes,
And burniſh o'er our Braſs with his own Gold.
Then lodge me in his Arms for his own Wife,
And in her room reap all her Bridal Joys,
Without even the leaſt ſhadow of ſuſpition
To damp our fierce delights. This was a Maſter-piece.

Lor. Nay, Madam, I have had my Trophies too,
To have his Dutcheſs led to my own Bed;
Lodged there in expectation of her Lord,
With more impatience than a dying Saint
Waits for his Angel-guide. Then in his place
T'approach the gloomy Shrine to the true Goddeſs,
Tho the falſe Worſhipper; then to embrace
Her preſſing Arms, devour her meeting Lips;
No Sun ſo warm, and yet no ſhower ſo melting.

Pope. By all that's excellent,
No Preſident e'er matcht this nights Intrigue.
Never was Love on all ſides ſo performed;
Their very Raviſhers, their darling Lovers,
And the kinde Sacrifice flew to the fire.
Oh Love, if ever thou wert blinde, 'twas there.

Lor. But, Madam, tho the darkneſs of the night
Deceived his Eye, how did you cheat his Ear?
Pray tell me; for th'Intrigue has been ſo pleaſant,
That even the Repetition has a Charm in't.

Pope.

Pope. Firſt then, the kinde officious Prieſtly Jalour,
Baited with Gold like a true generous Pandar,
Stood at the door t'admit my Page and me.
My Page then led me ſoftly to the Dukes
Apartment; but no Tell-tale Taper light us.
Muffled and maſkt to his dark Bed I came;
His Curtains ſtrait at my approach flew open,
As I have ſeen upon a ſhining Theatre
The painted Clouds to a deſcending *Venus*.
Then ſtrait he graſpt me in his burning Arms,
Whilſt in my Ears theſe eager Accents fell,
My deareſt, gentleſt, ſweeteſt *Angeline*.
But I to ſhrowd my fatal Syrens voice,
As if the danger of the place had ſcared me,
Straight huſht him ſilent with a trembling Kiſs,
The onely Rhetorick theſe Lips durſt make:
And from that hour we had no room for talking.
Our onely Eloquence was our delights,
Whilſt our tranſported Raptures ſtrook us dumb.
Before the dangerous morning-dawn, the Page
Return'd to beat me back, and I retired
As ſafely as I came: left the poor Lord
So extaſied, the falſe Angelick Viſion
To his deluded ſenſe appeared ſo fair,
As left no track to ſhew the Fiend was there.

Lor. Juſt my own Scene: No Picture more exact.

Enter Amiran.

Pope. Oh my beſt Girl! how haſt thou left the Duke?

Amir. Madam, ſo pleaſed, ſo ſtrangely pleaſed; not Glory
Upon a head new crown'd, can ſit more cheerful
Than this nights pleaſure on his heart. His Priſon
He has ſo forgot, that in his Cage he ſings.
And for my ſervices, he ſweetens me
With ſuch ſoft words, and with ſuch tender thanks
He placed this ſparkling Diamond on my finger,
That Treaſon ſure was never ſo rewarded.

Pope. But how his Dutcheſs!

Amir. Much in the ſame vein.

Onely

Onely her deeper ſtream more ſilent flows:
She ſpeaks not, but ſhe thinks as much as he.
Her generous Lord,
His Gift was Diamonds, but hers were Rubies;
She onely paid me with a Bluſh, and left me.

Pope. Well, my *Lorenzo*, this ſoft Feaſt of Pleaſure
Has been too full of wonder and delight,
For the ſhort Riot of one Night t'exhauſt.
Let us reſolve then to play out the Game
Like wanton Revellers, glut our fierce deſires;
And when this old Intrigue grows ſtale, and tires,
We'll ſeek out new.

Lor. Agreed, my Oracle.

Pope. Saxon, to night,
Once more thy *Venus* in her Cloud deſcends:
Oh for a bowl of *Cleopatra*'s Philter,
To heighten our next meeting Joys.
How bravely did the wiſe *Egyptian* Dame
Diſſolve a Kingdoms Ranſome in a Pearl,
To treat her darling *Anthony*, t'inſpire
To his drein'd Veins new life, and unknown fire!
Oh, *Egypt*'s glorious Queen!
Shall I leſs active be? my Bloud's as warm,
And I am as briſk, as young and proud as ſhe.
Cells, Cloyſters, Covents, Altars, Temples, Shrines,
With their vaſt hoards, are all my Golden-mines.
Nay, to ſum all *Rome*'s infinite Maſs in one,
All the mad Zeal of the blinde World's our own.
Theſe ſhall my Riots, theſe my Pomp ſupply;
Shall I want Love, who have all this Wealth to buy?

Lor. This is ſo glorious, ſo divinely great,
Old *Rome* ne'er deifi'd, nor the new *Rome*
E'er canoniz'd a Heroine more illuſtrious.

Pope. If the cold Bones of a dull Roman Saint
Can ſleep in Treaſures, whilſt his ſenſeleſs Marble
Sweats in embroider'd Gems and moulten Gold,
Shall my warm Bed and warmer Lovers want it?
No!

I'll

I'll melt the Crown from the gilt Martyrs head,
And ranſack even his Tomb t'adorn my Bed.
I'll rifle Saints to make my Lovers ſhine,
And Steal from Heav'n to make the Joy divine.
Lovers, by *Lucifer*, I'll not want one day,
Whilſt the rich Church ſhall both procure and pay.
Lor. Moſt excellent!
Pope. Now could I laugh at thoſe
Dull pious dying fools, who in deſpair
To buy Eternity, make the Church their Heir.
The bigot Fools are kind in a good hour;
There's nothing like a Pope for an Executour.
True, the poor ſlaves die Saints, ſo let 'em die,
Whilſt we enjoy the Paradiſe they buy;
Leaving that Wealth which we in Luſt conſume,
They are Proſelytes to Heaven, but Bawds to *Rome*.

Exeunt.

The Scene changes to the Priſon.

Two Hereticks.

1 *Her. Bernardo!*
2 *Her.* Ha! more Prieſts, more Torturers! Oh!
1 *Her.* H'ſt, I am a Friend.
2 *Her.* A Friend to poor *Bernardo!*
Nay, then thou art a wretched thing indeed:
For nought but miſery dares link with me.
1 *Her.* Indeed thou art i'th' right. No wonder nothing
But Cruelty and Torments fill this place;
For here Religion reigns, that pious Cormorant;
Religion, that devouring Savage reigns:
Yes, we are Hereticks,
Thoſe bugbear monſtrous things, deſign'd for ſlaughter;
All other leſſer Crimes *Rome* can forgive,
As Whoredoms, Thefts, Rapes, Murders! (alas,
They are petty venial ſins.) Does not the Bawd
Keep open ſhop in *Rome*, pays but her yearly Toll
To's Holineſs's ſacred Treaſury,
And takes a Licenſe for the Trade ſhe holds.

The

The bloudy Murderer runs but to a Church,
And 'tis his Sanctuary; the Gates flie open,
While the generous Prieſt, like his kind Guardian Saint,
Views the freſh Scarlet on the Cut-throats face,
And hugs his darling Brother. But poor Hereſie,
That mortal, capital, unpardonable, crying ſin,
Muſt never be forgotten: *Rome*'s Jayls, and Dungeons,
Wheels, Wracks, Stakes, Gibbets, are for Hereticks made.
2 *Her.* Now by my ſtarving Veins and aking Bones,
How faithfully thou play'ſt the Painter.
1 *Her.* What think'ſt thou of a Pope?
2 *Her.* Why he's a Horſe-leech
Without a tail; the Bloud he ſucks, runs through him:
He ſucks and ſucks, but never fills. But, Heav'ns!
What was the Crime that brought me to this place?
'Tis true, I heard a Prieſt moſt vilely cant,
And tell me how by Miracle
A certain Roman Martyr bore his head
Under his arm three miles: And 'cauſe I could not
Believe him, but provoked with the rank nauſeous fable,
In a moſt honeſt hearty bluntneſs, told him,
The pious Legend lyed; For that, that onely Crime,
I am condemn'd untryed to endleſs Chains,
And Torments doom'd, ne'er to ſee light agen.
1 *Her.* Not to ſee light agen! But how if I propoſed
A means for an Eſcape.
2 *Her.* For an Eſcape!
1 *Her.* But 'tis with wondrous hazard, infinite danger----
2 *Her.* Danger! no matter: Bring me to a Lottery
But with one Chance for Liberty,
Tho to ten Blanks, and every one for death,
I'd thruſt my hand into the fatal Pile
As cheerfully as Miſers graſp their Gold.
1 *Her.* Know then, by a Conſpiracy betwixt
Some of our fellow-ſufferers, this night,
This dead dark hour, the Priſon's to be fired----
2 *Her.* Moſt excellent!
1 *Her.* And by this happy Plot

'Tis

'Tis poſſible ſome of us may eſcape.
At worſt, we can but burn; and better end
A life at once, than to lie here immured,
Preſerved for Wracks, and kept an Age in dying.
Bernardo, look, yon dauning ſtreaks of light
Tell us the happy Train has taken fire.
2 *Her.* Let us retire and wait the bleſſed minute.
Shine out, bright Sun of comfort; either ſave
Our wretched lives, or light us to a grave.

Exeunt.

The third Scene is the Duke of Saxony's *Bed-chamber within the Priſon.*

Enter Saxony *in his Night-gown, as newly riſen from Bed.*

Sax. Good Heav'n! what miſty damp diſturbs my ſleep?
Sulphur and Pitch? What poyſonous ſmoaky ſtench
Offends my aking Eyes?
Within. Fire! fire! fire!
Sax. Horrour and Death! the place is all on fire!
Awake, my *Angeline*, look up, and ſee
Danger and Death ſurround us.
Within. Fire! fire! fire!
Pope. [*Starting out of bed.*]
Hell and Perdition! what misfortune's here!
Sax. By Heav'ns, we are almoſt circled in with flames!
And the doors lockt, faſt barr'd. *Knocking to get out.*
Jaylours, Prieſts, Torturers!
Open the door, make haſte, or we ſhall periſh.
Within. [*From ſeveral voices.*]
1. Fire!
2. Plots and Treaſon!
3. Bar the Gates: ſecure
The Priſoners, let 'em burn, rather than flie.
Sax. The Flames increaſe, and we are pent in with Ruine.
Unlock the door; deaf harden'd Devils, hear us. *Knocking.*
Open the door, make haſte, or elſe we die.
Within. Die, and be damn'd.
2. Fire! Water!
Sax. Oh my dear *Angeline*, we are betray'd:

A ſtrange prophetick horrour tells my Soul
That we are mew'd up for ſacrifice.

The Ghoſt of the old Duke of Saxony *riſes with a burning Taper in his hand.*

Look, look!

Here the Ghoſt with his Taper touches a train of fire above him, which immediately writes upon the Wall, in Capital letters in a bloudy fire, the word MURDER; *which continues burning ſome time.*

My *Angeline*, my Royal Father's Ghoſt!
See Murder, Murder! Oh the voice of Bloud!
Stay, ſtay, thou Royal Harbinger of Fate. *The Ghoſt ſinks.*
Oh, *Angeline*, the hand of Heaven's againſt us.

Pope. Adored dear Devil, ſave me but this once. [*aſide.*] *kneels.*

Sax. That murder'd ſleeping Shade wakes from Deaths arms
To call us to his own untimely Grave.
Now, Pope, thou and thy black Colleagues of Hell,
Compleat their impious Vengeance.

Pope. By all that's damn'd, I am loſt: This Meſſenger
Of Hell was ſent for me.
Cut off thus early! Oh the ſenſeleſs Devil,
Thus to play Booty 'gainſt himſelf! } *Aſide.*
Miſtaken, dull infernal fools, I have not yet
Sate long enough on *Rome*'s Imperial Throne
To do you half the ſervice of a Pope.

Sax. Witneſs, good Heav'n, for my own life I fear not;
But thy hard fate torments my bleeding Soul.
If we muſt burn, thus arm in arm we'll die. *Embracing.*
Speak to thy Love; why ſpeaks not my dear *Angeline?*
There needs no ſilence in our Kiſſes now.

Pope. Ruin'd! betray'd! undone! If I but ſpeak,
He'll find my Screech-owl's voice; and if he ſees me,
He'll know my fatal face, and tear my throat out.
Speak or not ſpeak, I burn, if there be God's } *Aſide.*
Curſe on your blazing Thrones. No Ditch-born Hag
Was ever doom'd to ſuch a fate as I am.
By Hell, I ſcorch already: Fire and *Ætna!*

Traytors, Prieſts, Monſters. Here, open the door. *Knocking.*

Sax.

Sax. Ha!

Pope. Now could I part with all my Keys of Heav'n,
But for one Picklock to theſe Iron-bars. [*aſide.*
Make haſte, ye tardy Dogs, here's Gold to pay you.
Still deaf, ye ſlaves! a Jewel worth a Kingdom,
To bribe you for a Key!

Sax. Ravens and Vultures!

Pope. I cannot, dare not burn. Dull drowſie Villains----

Sax. What art thou? ſpeak, infernal Fiend, what art thou?
ſeizing her.
Speak, Succubus, what Gibbet haſt thou robb'd
For that loath'd form, to ſtain my ſacred Bed,
And damn my cheated Soul!

Pope. Inquire no farther;
I will not ſpeak.

Sax. Speak, or I will tear thy Soul out.

Pope. Save your own.
Flie, or we burn. *Enter Prieſts and Lights.*

Sax. By Heav'ns, the very form
Of my dead Father's Poyſoner!

1 *Prieſt.* What's here!

2 *Prieſt.* A Whore!

3 *Prieſt.* A Whore!

Sax. Oh, Gentlemen, ſecure that Hag, that Sorcereſs;
The very Witch that light this Fatal Fire,
And brought the Brand from her own Hell to kindle it.

4 *Prieſt.* The Lady I had three hundred Crowns to Bawd for;
And her Protection may be worth three thouſand.

1 *Prieſt.* Take her, and burn the Witch.

Pope. O ſave me! ſave me!

4 *Prieſt.* Hold, Brothers, let me anſwer for this Lady:
She is my Miſtriſs and my Charge; and with
My Bloud I'll juſtifie her Innocence.

Pope. Good, pious, honeſt, tender-hearted Father,
This Diamond ſpeak my thanks. *Gives him a Ring.*

1 *Prieſt.* A *Bona Roba.*

2 *Prieſt.* One of our Brothers friends! nay, then all's well.

3 *Prieſt.* An honeſt Girl of yours? that name protects her.

Sax. Protect her! how! protect the greateſt Traytreſs
That ere diſgraced a Jayl, or ſhamed a Gibbet.
Secure her, ſeize her.

4 *Prieſt.* Stop that mad mans mouth;
I'll ſtake my life to vindicate this Lady.

1 *Prieſt.* Enough, enough; fie, let the Lady paſs.

2 *Prieſt.* Madam, your ſlaves.

3 *Prieſt.* Make room there for this Lady.

Pope. Ten thouſand Saints reward you for this kindneſs.

1 *Prieſt.* We are your Vaſſals. *Uſhering her to*

2 *Prieſt.* Madam, your faithful Servants. *the door.*

Pope. Such an Eſcape, kind Fate---- *Exit, led out by her friend*

Sax. Horrour unſpeakable! *the fourth Prieſt.*

What Monſter has this night ſlept in my arms?
Do I live, ſpeak, move, walk? Is yon your Heav'n,
Your Earth I tread on, or your Air I breath in?
And is this load of Nature Fleſh and Bloud?
Or is it all a Dream, or am I chang'd
To ſome incarnate Devil, doom'd to walk
Deaths burning plains, converſe with Imps and Goblins,
Tread the dark Mazes of eternal night,
And ſleep with Hags and Succubas.
Oh the vaſt Feavour of my burning Bloud!
Some Ocean quench me, or ſome Mountain ſwallow me.
Not Chriſtian ſlaves, wrapt up in Pitch, and light
Like burning Tapers to the Savage *Nero*,
Nor *Hercules* in his invenom'd ſhirt,
Nor *Lucifer* at his firſt plunge in Hell,
Felt half the Fires my raging Entrails ſwell.

Exeunt.

The Scene changes to a private Apartment of the Pope.

Enter Pope, Lorenzo, *and* Amiran.

Pope. Oh my *Lorenzo*, I am undone for ever!

Lor. How, Madam! Heav'n forbid.

Pope. Sleeping this night
In my dear *Saxons* arms, by ſome curſt accident

The

The ſcene of our delights was ſet on fire.
Straight from his Bed the frighted *Saxon* leapt,
And thunder'd in my Ears, Wake, wake, my *Angeline!*
Oh 'twas a fatal ſound; not the laſt Trumpet
Shall wake the Damn'd to greater pains than mine.
Curſt be that hour; the blazing Fire-brands, like
A Taper to a wandring Midnight-Ghoſt,
Served but to ſhew the Fiend theſe Eyes diſcover'd.

Lor. Diſcover'd! Death and Furies.

Pope. Not th'enraged *Oedipus*
Alarm'd from his inceſtuous Mothers Bed,
Raved half ſo loud as he. But to ſum all,
The Terrours of this hideous night,
The ghaſtly form of the old poyſon'd *Saxon*,
Burſt thro' the Marble-floor, and with a Torch
Dipt in the ſulphurous Lake, from whence he roſe,
In diſtinct Gharacters of Bloud and Fire,
Writ MURDER in the blazing Roof above us.

Lor. Oh you diſtract me!
How got you off? How could you 'ſcape with life?

Pope. By Miracle!
Had not the entring Jaylours ſaved me,
He had torn my heart out.

Lor. But, dear Madam, tell me:
The Treaſon was too plain. But do you think
He did ſuſpect or gueſs the real Traytreſs?
There, there's the fatal point.

Pope. Oh I have but too much reaſon to believe it;
For at the horrour of theſe killing Eyes,
He cri'd, The Features of my Fathers Poyſoner.
And tho betwixt his wilde diſtracted ſenſes
He left me with the name of Witch, Fiend, Sorcereſs,
And what elſe other odde fantaſtick forms
His wandring Rage could ſhape; I am not ſafe.

Lor. No, you are undone: for if he lives, you die.
Should tatling fame but whiſper you are a woman,
'Twill make the ſcorching world too hot to hold you.

Pope. But, my *Lorenzo*, I'll prevent that danger;

For I am reſolved he dies. Yet, Gods! 'tis hard,
'Tis very hard to kill the man I love;
But if he keeps a tongue, I loſe a head.
No, his invenom'd Lungs breathe Plagues, and I
Muſt root his heart up to diſlodge that Poyſon.
Peace, fooliſh Love, and be for ever dumb;
I ſit on *Rome*'s great Throne, a Seat too bright
To hazard for the Pleaſures of a Night.
Saxon, thy life I cannot, muſt not ſave;
Oh, I muſt ſend thee to thy Father's Grave:
For know my Love muſt be my glories ſlave.

Lor. Spoke like *Rome*'s Monarch! This a Scepter'd hand
And a Crown'd head ſhould be.

Pope. But is it not enough
His Father I have poyſon'd, ſtain'd his Bed,
Himſelf impriſon'd, and to ſtab his Soul,
His deareſt Princeſs thou haſt both whored and raviſht;
But to all theſe accumulated Cruelties
I muſt at laſt adde his own murder too?
Is it not barbarous!

Lor. Death, not at all:
For now you are kinde, and put him out of pain.
Beſides, your life and Crown's at ſtake; let that
Inſpire your Soul.
Does not th'invading Conquerour that leads
His thouſands and his thouſands out to battel,
To ſcale the Walls of ſome Imperial City,
Fill up a Ditch with his own martyr'd ſlaves,
To make a Bridge to Glory. If their glory
Can murder thouſands, ſhall yours ſhrink at one
Poor gaſping ſlave?

Pope. Thou art an excellent Oratour,
I ſtand confirm'd; but whilſt I ſtay to talk,
Danger grows big and terrible.
Here, *Amiran*, I'll leave the Charge to thee:
Take theſe three thouſand crowns, and ſteal 'em into
The hand of that good conſcientious Prieſt,
My honeſt Bawd that ſaved my threatn'd life.

Thou

Thou mayst act safely for me; for he knows
Not who, nor whence thou art. Tell him, his business
Is onely to give the mad wilde *Saxon* Duke
A sober sleeping Pill: He'll understand thee.

Amir. Madam, your great Commands must all be sacred;
And my whole life's too short for my obedience:
Yet pardon me when I have one Grace to beg,
That you'd be pleased t'excuse my trembling hand
From this too cruel office.

Pope. How, my Girl!
A fit of Conscience! fie, let not that check thee.
Shrink not to serve me now.
Do this, and make me thine entire for ever.

Amir. Well, Madam, I am your slave.

Pope. Thanks, my kinde *Amiran.*
Make haste, my Girl.

Amir. I flie t'obey you. *Exit* Amir.

Pope. So!
Poor *Saxony*, thy Fate rides Post.
Well, if there's any thing in the airy Dreams
Of Faith, Religion, Piety,
Things which poor little unambitious Church men
Have nothing else to do but to believe in,
Whilst we the great and glorious Mitred heads
Have other work and other game to mind.
They say that Providence to suffering Innocence,
Gives Crowns and Paradise. Then, *Saxon*, thou
Art happy, and I kinde; and if Eternity
Has, to wrong'd Virtue, Constellations given,
Why should I stick to send the man I love to Heav'n?
Or why should snarling fools at bloud repine,
When Death's the Furnace does their Gold refine?
'Tis Wounds and Death that Heav'n with Stars does paint,
And the kind Murderer translates the Saint.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT the Fifth.

The Scene the Priſon.

Amiran *alone.*

Amir. HIther I come to bring a Soveraign head,
A Soveraign Cure, a ſober ſleeping Pill;
I, that's the word.
Poor *Saxony!* thy Royal Father murder'd,
Thy deareſt Princeſs raviſht, and to make up
The moſt unnatural monſtrous maſs of Cruelty,
Thy Fathers Poyſoner, and thy Fathers Whore,
Lodged in thy Bed. Oh thou'rt a true Original
Of unexampled Miſery: No Tragedy
Ere equall'd thine. Yet after all, this moſt
Wrong'd Prince muſt bleed, and I muſt be his murderer.
Oh my faint Arm! Oh my Barbarian Miſtriſs!
Well, I remember I have ſerved thy Luſt,
My breaſt the Cabinet to all thy Whoredoms;
Nay, like an Uſurer to the Truſt thou haſt lent me,
I've play'd the Bawd t'increaſe 'em. All theſe Ills
I never trembled at; but oh, there's ſomething
In Murder ſo beyond a Female Villain,
As my Soul ſtartles at the thought. But why,
Why do I play the fooliſh Crocodile,
And mourn where I muſt kill?

Enter Saxony *and* Garlo.

----Yonder he comes!
Let me retire a while, and borrow ſtrength
For this dire Execution. *Abſconds.*

Sax.

Sax. Oh my wrong'd *Angeline*,
What have I done? by what Infatuation,
What damn'd Illuſion led, have I a Monſter
Claſpt to my breaſt? or has ſome Rival-God,
In malice to thy happier envyed Lord,
Caught thee t'his Heaven t'outſhine yon dazling Stars,
And left that changeling Demon in my Arms!
I ſhall run mad.

Amir. Alas, poor injur'd Prince!

Sax. Tell me, ye Powers Infernal, I conjure you
By all the Pleaſures of Revenge;
And thou curſt Pope, thou greater blacker Devil,
Tell me by what Inchantments, Spells, Drugs, Minerals,
That ſavage Whore you lodged within my Arms;
And to make up that Monſter more than execrable,
Lent her thy own infernal face to blaſt me.

Amir. Oh I can hold no longer! Ye Gods,
That ſo much Excellence ſhould be created
For ſo much Ruine! Pity, Conſcience, Love,
I know not which thou art: But on the ſuddain
My dire reſolves are ſtagger'd.

Sax. Art thou here!
Oh my young Pandar! ye kinde Powers, I thank you.
Thou unfletcht Imp, thou early-lighted brand
Of everlaſting fire, tell me what Fury
Thy impious hand lodged in my Bed laſt night;
Tell me, for I will know.

Amir. Oh, Sir, no more.
I cannot, muſt not, will not, dare not tell you.

Sax. Not tell me! Now by thy own Mother-Hag
That bore thee in a Ditch, fed thee with Scorpions,
Swath'd thee with Adders, ſuckled thee with Bloud,
And dipt thee young in Hell,
Speak quickly, or I'll tear the curſed Secret
From thy impoſtum'd heart; ſpeak, or I'll kill thee.

Amir. Yes, do, Sir, and I'll thank you for the kindneſs;
For if I ſpeak, I muſt kill you: and truſt me,
I have that ſenſe of your unhappy ſufferings,

That I had rather die my ſelf than be
Your Murderer.
Sax. And art thou then in earneſt?
Come, prithee ſpeak; I was to blame to chide thee:
Be not afraid; ſpeak but the fatal truth,
And by my hopes of Heav'n I will forgive thee.
Out with it, come; now wouldſt thou tell me all,
But art aſhamed to own thy ſelf a Bawd:
'Las, that might be thy Fathers fault, not thine.
Perhaps ſome honeſt humble Cottage bred thee,
And thy ambitious Parents poorly proud,
For a gay Coat made thee a Page at Court,
And for a plume of Feathers ſold thy Soul;
But 'tis not yet, not yet too late to ſave it.
Amir. Oh my ſad heart!
Sax. Come, prithee ſpeak; let but
A true confeſſion plead thy penitence,
And Heav'n will then forgive thee as I do.
Amir. But, Sir, can you reſolve to lend an ear
To ſounds ſo terrible, ſo full of fate,
As will not onely act a ſingle Tragedy,
But even diſ-joynt all Natures Harmony,
And quite untune the world? for ſuch, ſuch are
The Notes that I muſt breathe.
Sax. Oh my dear Murderer,
Breath 'em as cheerfully as the ſoaring Lark
Wakes the gay Morn. Thoſe dear ſweet Airs that kill me,
Are my new nuptial Songs. My *Angeline*
Has been my firſt, and Death's my ſecond Bride.
Amir. Know then, th'Enchantreſs that theſe two laſt nights
Slept in your boſome, was your Fathers Poyſoner.
Sax. Riddles and Death! what myſtick ſounds are theſe?
Amir. That Sorcereſs that in a borrow'd ſhape
Uſurps *Rome*'s ſacred Throne, was the dire Fiend.
Sax. Ha!
Amir. Oh Sir, I read that lightning in your eyes
That tells me, I have ſet your Soul on fire.
Break, break, great heart, thou'rt too much loſt to live,

And

And for the laſt, the greateſt fatal ſtab;
For I muſt tell you all. That luſt-burnt Hag
Began her game with your unhappy Father.
You may remember in the *Saxon* Court,
A fatal Beauty call'd *Joanna Anglica*,
That Syren firſt defiled your Fathers Bed,
And then by Jealouſie transform'd t'his Prieſt,
And by Revenge t'his Murderer----his bloud,
His Royal bloud ſhe doubly, doubly poyſon'd.

Sax. Thunder and Earthquakes!

Amir. And not t'end there neither,
The beſtial luſt of her inceſtuous Fires
Traced your dead fathers Beauties in your Eyes;
And the ſame ſulphurous Mine that blew his ſoul up,
Was light to ſacrifice the Martyr'd ſon.

Sax. A Whore, a Poyſoner! nay, a Fathers Whore,
And Fathers Poyſoner! Oh my bloated Soul!
O moſt unnatural doubly damn'd *Hyena*,
Mixt in my Fathers ſhame! Oh horrour, horrour!
Oh my vaſt wrongs, deſtruction, ruine, death!
Strike thick, ye darts of fate. My poor dear *Angeline*.
Ha! ſpight of all my pains, that Name has life in't.
Say, Boy, how fares my *Angeline?* Tho millions
Of torturing Furies gore this bleeding heart,
I know thou'lt ſay ſhe's well, and lives unhurt,
Sleeps innocent, and in her golden ſlumbers
She little dreams what numberleſs diſtractions
Surround her wretched Lord.

Amir. Alas, Sir, ----

Sax. Ha!

Amir. The ſaddeſt part of all my killing ſtory
Is yet to come. By the ſame Stratagem
That has deceiv'd her Lord, was your poor Princeſs,
By falſe *Lorenzo*'s luſt, enjoy'd and raviſht.

Sax. Now all the Plagues of him that ſold his God,
Reward the execrable Dog. My *Angeline*,
My deareſt, ſweeteſt, and once brighteſt *Angeline!*
Ye Tyrant Powers, ye everlaſting Torturers,

That made mankind for ruine; end me quickly,
Oh bury me like the rebellious Gyants,
Loaded with Mountain-piles, for I ſhall rave,
Rave to that height, till all my gaſping Pangs,
My rowling Tears, and my loud bellowing Groans,
Burſt out like Cataracts, enough to deafen
The very Thunder of my angry Gods.
Yet hold, I have ſome buſineſs to diſpatch,
Before my Eye-balls burſt. Say, Boy, canſt thou
Oblige a very wretched thing, and bear
My dying ſighs to that dear martyr'd Innocence?
Amir. My Lord, I can.
Sax. And wilt thou be ſo kind?
Nay, thou'lt be kinder yet: for thou'rt a Convert,
A gentle honeſt Boy. But oh too late!
Speak, is it in thy power to bleſs my Eyes
With one laſt view of thoſe dear beauteous Ruines,
Before we part and die?
Amir. My Lord, it is;
Your Princeſs is my Charge:
And your own ſervant here, by my inſtructions,
Shall haſte and bring her to your arms this minute.
Sax. Heav'ns brighteſt Diadem crown thee for this goodneſs.

There Amiran *whiſpers with* Carlo, *and gives him a Key.*

Flie, *Carlo*, flie, and as thou bringſt her hither,
Repeat the diſmal Tale of all our Woes.
But oh, 'tis terrible, 'tis wondrous terrible
For ſuch chaſt ears, yet ſhe muſt hear it all.
Leave not one tittle that may wing her Soul
For its laſt flight; for, *Carlo*, ſhe muſt die.
The ſofteſt heart that yon celeſtial fire
Could ever animate, muſt break and die.
We are both too wretched to outlive this day;
And I but ſend thee as her executioner.
Carlo. I flie to obey you, Sir.

Sax.

Sax. Stay, *Carlo*, ſtay.
Why all this haſte to murder ſo much Innocence?
Yet thou muſt go. And ſince thy tongue muſt kill
The brighteſt form th'inamour'd Stars can ere
Receive, or the impoveriſht World can loſe,
Go, *Carlo*, go; but prithee wound her Soul
As gently as thou canſt: and when thou ſeeſt
A flowing ſhower from her twin-Orbs of light
All drown the faded Roſes of her Cheeks;
When thou beholdſt 'midſt her diſtracted groans
Her furious hand, that feeble fair Revenger,
Rend all the mangled Beauties of her Face,
Tear her bright Locks, and their diſhevell'd pride
On her pale neck that raviſht whiteneſs fall;
Guard, guard thy eyes, for, *Carlo*, 'tis a ſight
Will ſtrike Spectators dead. *Exit* Carlo.

Amir. I fear there needs
No ſtudy now to be that Beauties Murderer.

Sax. How, Boy!

Amir. The bloudy Pope, frighted laſt night
At her diſcovered face, has doom'd you both
T'eternal ſilence by a Bowl of poyſon.

Sax. Damnation!

Amir. Theſe three thouſand Crowns were given me
To bribe your Prieſt to mix your fatal drugs,
And I am afraid her draught's already paſt.

Sax. Now for a Bait ſo ſtrong might catch the Devil!
I'd angle with this black rank Whore ſhe-Pope;
I'd float the Witch upon the burning Lake,
And when the hungry Fiend bob'd up to gorge her,
I'd with her Croſier ſtick him through the throat,
And tug him up from Hell. Sport for a God!
Oh the wilde forms of my unruly Soul!

Enter Angeline *with her hair diſhevelled, attended by* Carlo.

Thou beauteous pile of everlaſting Woe,
Approach thy wretched Lord.

Ang.

Ang. Where art thou, *Carlo?*
Lend me thy hand, and guide me to my Love;
For these benighted eyes are so o'redrown'd in tears,
That I am all dark, and cannot finde my way.
Sax. So have I seen a Cloud all gilt with light;
But oh ye Pow'rs that could those Heav'ns benight!
What was her day, if she can set so bright?
Ang. Oh my lov'd Lord,
This ruin'd thing comes to thy feet to die.
Sax. If thou must die, draw neer, my lovely Martyr;
Come to this Breast, and make these arms thy Monument.
Ang. In those lov'd arms! Oh stay, where am I going?
Stand off, my Lord, stand off.
Those dear embraces are too blest a circle
For such a sullied bloated thing as I am.
Sax. And can I be more miserable still!
Ah can those setting beams of light withdraw
Their last kind warmth from thy expiring Lord!
Ang. No, my dear Life, we must embrace no more.
Should I approach those charming Fires too nigh,
There's so much vital heat in thy lov'd bosom,
That I shall live, live a polluted Monster,
And make the blushing world asham'd to own me.
Live with my load of shame! No, cruel Pow'rs,
Hear my last Prayer, and give my murder'd Honour
And me one Grave.
Sax. Oh thou bright falling Star,
Never was Love nor Injuries like thine!
Poor ravisht sweetness!
Ang. Ravisht! Oh ruine, fate, destruction, Death!
These Eyes, these Lips, oh Heav'ns, this sacred Bosom,
Once the blest Throne of thy transported Joys,
Made a loath'd Monsters Prey! But oh ye Powers,
This is not half my Scene of Woe! Alas,
The bleeding *Lucrece* and the mourning *Philomel*
Could plead as much as this: But I am a wretch
A thousand times more monstrously deform'd.
Oh my vast Wounds! there's that wide breach of ruine

In

In this one breaſt, will let in death enough
To break both hearts.
Sax. Together let 'em break.
Ang. Oh my wrong'd Lord,
When to my fatal Bed th'Adulterer came,
But oh that hour be blotted from eternity!
I harmleſs, languiſhing, expecting Innocence,
Met the foul Traytour, kiſt, embraced him, loved him,
Around his neck my longing arms I threw;
For I was kinde, and thought, my Lord, 'twas you.
Oh horrour, horrour, unexampled horrour!
Sax. Name it no more. Why did the eternal Being
Create a form ſo perfectly divine,
The miracle of Story, Ages, Worlds,
So far above her Sex upon a Pyramid
Of Trophies fixt like a tranſparent Glory,
And now all at one ſudden blaſt of Lightning
To ſtrike the Maſter-piece of their Creation,
Thrown headlong from her Pinacle of Honour,
And daſh the ſhining Chriſtal Globe to pieces?
Bluſh, bluſh, ye Gods, bluſh till your glowing Skies
Anticipate the worlds laſt Funeral-pile,
And ſcorching Nature burn and rave as I do.
Ang. Methinks I ſee thro' your diſtracted eyes
A load of Fate weigh down your drooping Soul;
And is it all for your poor *Angeline!*
Be comforted; what tho I come to die,
'Tis but a ſhort farewel to this baſe world,
Till we ſhall meet in purer Joys above.
Sax. Ah no, my *Angeline*; when thou art dead,
I am afraid my Wrongs ſo high will riſe,
Make ſuch Complaints againſt my angry Stars,
Till in deſpair
I curſe the Author of my wretched Being;
Then in my wilde Apoſtate fury die,
And never meet thee more.
Ang. O fie, my Lord,
Take heed, take heed of this unjuſt deſpair;

Oh

Oh pray to Heav'n, and think that I am there.
Oh do not tax the great Omnipotence
Of ought unjuſt; when they depoſed us here,
No doubt 'twas but to crown us brighter there.
Sax. Yes, ye great Powers, make us amends in Heav'n;
For we have had but little Juſtice here.
Ang. Oh my dear Love, I die.
Now take me, take me to thy deareſt arms:
You need not be afraid t'embrace me now,
For I ſhall die, and be all white again,
And you may love me then without a ſin.
In this warm Bed a ſpotleſs Martyr lay,
For Death's kind hand wipes all my ſtains away. *Dies.*
Sax. What diſmal Planets reign'd when I was born?
Planets, Fiends, Furies!
Theſe were th'aſcendant Lords at my creation
That abhorr'd Night: when my unlucky Parents
Mixt their unhappy Loves to form this Being,
No ſmiling Star peep'd forth.
But where's this Raviſher, this Pope, young Fairy?
Revenge, ye Gods, revenge! Is there that word
In all the dear Records of Fate for me?
Oh could I but eſcape from this dire place,
And meet once more that Monſter face to face!
Amir. My Lord, you ſhall.
Sax. How, Boy! ſay that again.
Amir. Sir, this Gold
Deſign'd to buy your Bloud, ſhall pay your Ranſome:
With this I'll purchaſe your deliverance.
Thus ſecretly releaſt, be it your art
To ſtrike your Dagger to the Traytors heart.
Sax. Now art thou kinder than a giving God,
And even preventſt my Prayers. From thy bright Heav'n,
Bleſt Saint, look down, and let thy well-pleas'd Ghoſt
Smile at the Victim I intend to make thee.
And the ſlow pangs of his ſad heart forgive,
Who for thy Vengeance muſt thy Fate outlive.

Exeunt.

Scene the Laſt.

Enter a Rabble of Romans.

From within.] A Proceſſion! a Proceſſion! A Proceſſion!

Rom. 1. Well Neighbours, ſince his Holineſs is pleaſed to give us a Holy-day, let us improve it, and make the beſt uſe on't, that is, go to the Tavern, and be down-right drunk.

Rom. 2. I, Neighbour, for I never knew any other uſe of a Holy-day, but firſt to go to Church, and then be drunk.

Rom. 1. You make a juſt interpretation: but here lies the queſtion, whether we ſhall ſit in the Tavern like Sots, and not be drunk till night, or go and be preſently drunk, then go home, beat our Wives, and ſleep an hour, then riſe and be drunk again before Sun-ſet, this I take to be the improvement of the day.

Rom. All. I, I, 'tis, 'tis.

Rom. 2. But hearк you, Neighbour, do you never go to Church?

Rom. 1. Poſitively, no; my reaſons I will render. Firſt, you do not take me for the leaſt Fool amongſt you.

All. No, no!

Rom. 2. Nor the leaſt Knave, Neighbour's.

All. No, No.

Rom. 1. Then I conclude I'll never pray at all, whilſt we we have ſuch Shoals of Church Men to do it for us, as Cardinals, Monks, Abbots, Priors, and a thouſand Orders more; and with all theſe Holy Men about us, 'tis impoſſible we ſhould be damn'd, Neighbours.

Rom. 2. Ay, but, Neighbour, you ought to help at a dead lift, 'tis hard truſting to other mens prayers.

Rom. 1. Why, don't I pay for it, I tell thee it goes againſt the grain to pray and pay too, I'll not do't not I, and if I be damn'd, at their peril be it.

Rom. 2. Then I perceive, Neighbour, you are in a deſperate condition.

Rom. 1. Not at all, for always when I pay the Prieſt his duties I always take an acquittance, and thoſe Acquittances I take as a Paſsport to ſlip me by Purgatory into the other world.

Rom. 2. But which of those other worlds do you think to go to?

Rom. 1. So I 'scape Purgatory, no matter which.

Rom. 2. But I am afraid this will not do your Work, Neighbour!

Rom. 1. Then let the Church 'bate me my Peter-pence, and I'll pray for my self: and ne'er trouble them, and that I think is fair.

All. Aye, Aye!

Rom. 1. Besides that's taking the bread out of the Priests Mouths, and that's no other than Sacrilege, 'tis plain Intrenchment.

Rom. 3. Intrenchment! what's Intrenchment!

Rom. 1. Are you such a fool you don't know what Intrenchment means, why Intrenchment is a hard word, and you all know what a hard word is,

All. I, I.

Rom. 1. Why, 'tis medling with what we have nothing to do with, which is no better than picking ones Pocket; why Neighbour, you keep a reverend Brandy Shop, and would not you take it ill if a Cardinal should set up, and sell Brandy by you? In troth, he'd go nigh to break you.

Rom. 3. I dod, would he?

Rrm. 4. I'll undertake, if a Cardinal should sell Brandy, he'd be the richest man in all *Rome*.

Rom. 1. I'll undertake then I'll find you one shall do't.

Enter the Duke of Saxony *with Attendants, bearing in the dead body of the Dutchess of* Saxony.

Rom. 2. But see that which you call'd a Procession looks more like a Funeral.

D. Sax. Oh, worthy Romans, here behold a sight
Will fill your Eyes with Tears, and Hearts with Grief;
And if this sight alone shall fail to move,
For Deaths are common in the Stretes of *Rome*,
Yet will the Story, when unfolded, strike
You all with sudden horrour and amazement.

Rom. 1. Dad, he speaks well.

Sax. Say worthy Roman's
If freely you'll afford your Charity

To

To an afflicted Prince that preſt with griefs
And injuries, lays by his Honours
And Titles to become your humble Suppliant.

Rom. 2. Our humble Suppliant.

Sax. Nor do I doubt, but when you have heard my Story,
You will afford your pity and revenge.

Rom. 1. Well Sir, I underſtand you are a Prince, and that your good Lady is dead, and you'd have us make her alive again. We can do you no good in it; 'tis not every man that lives in *Rome* can do that Job, but if you'll ſpeak to the Pope, or one of his Cardinals they'll do it for a word ſpeaking.

Sax. And is this all the attention you can give me!
Oh, *Rome*, how is thy wonted Braveneſs changed,
Since thy Inhabitants at call of *Anthony*
Flock'd round the Body of their murder'd *Cæſar*;
With Tears they waſh'd his Wounds,
And mixt a Deluge with his guſhing Blood;
Then ſtarting from the Corps with noble rage,
Revenge and Juſtice through the Streets they cryed.
Oh, Romans, you will live to ſee that day
When from your Roofs your Daughters will be dragg'd,
Their Virgin Innocence abuſed with duſt,
And thus brought home a lamentable Spectacle.
Thus ſhall your Wives and Daughters all be raviſhed,
Diſhonour'd, Poyſon'd.

Rom. 2. Why, has the Princeſs been ſo ſerv'd!

Rom. 1. So it ſeems, if you'll believe a dead woman.

Sax. If this dear Beauty, born of Noble Blood,
By Wedlock planted in a Prince's Boſom,
Could not eſcape from Treaſon, Rapes and Death,
How ſhall your Wives, your Daughters, and your Siſters,
To whom no Awe, nor Guard makes difficult approach:
Be ſafe; no, I preſage they ſhall be proſtituted all,
Defiled, abuſed, torn up with impious luſt;
And to conceal the wicked Actors names,
Be murdered as mine has been.

Rom. 2. But, pray, Sir, if a man may be ſo bold, who was the Dog that did this plaguy Job; by S. *Winnifred*, my Fingers do ſo itch to be at him.

Rom. 1. Ay, do but tell us where we may find the Dog, and we will roaſt the Rogue: and make the Devil a Feaſt of him.

Sax. I, that's the thing I ask, revenge, revenge me.
And to encourage you for this great deed;
Take this, and this for your Reward, and Heaven
And Juſtice for your Leaders.

Rom. 1. Gold, Boys!

Rom. 2. A noble worthy Prince, and we'll live and die by him.

Sax. But Gentlemen, when I have recounted the ſtrange
Actors, and the more ſtrange Villainy,
I fear the Story will appear ſo monſtrous
That you'll ſcarce dare believe me.

Rom. 2. How, not believe, and live at *Rome*.

Rom. 1. Do we believe in Images, and Relicks, and Holywater, and Miracles, and not believe an honeſt golden Prince?

Sax. Then, generous Romans, know,
I owe mine and this Beauteous Martyrs ruine
To your accurſed Pope.

Rom. 1. The Pope!

Rom. 2. The Pope!

Rom. 3. Take heed Sir, what you ſay; the Pope!
But that you have greas'd us in the fiſt, or elſe——
Udſlid, the Pope!

Sax. Nay, Romans, do not think I utter ought
Againſt *Romes* Majeſty, but *Romes* Uſurper;
Not that great Office, and the bleſſed Prelacy,
But the accurſt Impoſtor that profanes it:
Oh, Gentlemen, that ſeeming Royal Head
To which you kneel and pray, is an abhorr'd,
Loath'd Sorcereſs, a filthy rank Adultereſs,
A Woman damn'd in Luſt, whilſt the vile Schriech Owl
Broods in the Neſt of Eagles.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. The murder'd *Angeline*, and the Saxon Duke.
This Ground's too hot for me. [*Offers to go.*

Sax. Stay Villain, ſtay.

Look

Look on that Martyr, and this Arm, and then
Prepare thy Soul for everlasting Fire.
Lor. I will not fight with thee.
Sax. Not fight!
Art thou a Brute so rank, and yet so fearful.
But do I talk, a Minutes life's too long. [*Fights.*
Lor. Thou hast kill'd me, and Damnation thank thee for't. [*Dies.*
Sax. Thus far, blest Saint, thy great revenge succeeds.

Enter Pope, Cardinals, Priests, and other Officers, as in form of a Procession.

Pope. *Lorenzo* murder'd, and that Saxon Basilisk
Alive, and in the head o'th' Multitude!
I am betrayed, undone. [*Aside.*
Sax. Romans, Lords, Cardinals, to you I speak,
That brand of Hell——
Pope. Now by yon bright Omnipotence,
Some black design against *Romes* awful Godhead.
Sax. No, by yon bright Omnipotence I come
For Justice, Justice against *Romes* Scarlet Whore.
Pope. Dear adored Devil, save me but this once.
Sax. Oh Romans, *Romes* once shining Dignity
And dazling Glory is eclipsed for ever.
Instead of Majesty t'adorn a Throne,
That mitred Monster is a Whore, Hag, Sorceress.
Pope. Heavens, can your Thunder sleep, and tamely hear
Such Blasphemies within the Walls of *Rome.*
Card. 1. Inhumane Insolence.
Card. 2. Exquisite Traytor!
Sax. No, willful blind deluded Prelates, no,
Eternity blast me, if she be not a Woman,
And the most rank Damnation ever shaped.
And to make up her loathed Abominations
By her contrivance was this Beauty
First ravished, and then murder'd:
Whilst th' Hell-burnt Lust of the adult'rous Hag
Within these blasted Arms supplyed her Room.

Pope.

Pope. Oh *Rome,* and Romans,, left the wrath of Heaven
Should rain down Fire upon your guilty Heads:
Upon the forfeit of your Souls revenge me.

Sax. Revenge my Wrongs, and this fair Martyrs Blood.
Oh right the Honour of *Romes* injured Majesty,
And burn the Enchantress.

Pope. Oh right the Honour of *Romes* injured Majesty,
And seise the Heretick. [Saxony *draws, and makes at the Pope, but is disarm'd by the people.*

All the Card. Burn, burn the Traytor.

The Rabble. Burn him, burn him, burn him.

[*Exeunt the Rabble, forcing out* Saxony *to execution.*

Pope. This dread Encounter, (oh my staggering frame)
Has loosen'd every Vein about my Heart,
And I am all o'er Convulsions. But lead on,
And end the Sacred Business of the day,
His Treason stopt, but his Blood clears our way. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene opens, and discovers a Stake and Faggots, with Priests with Lighted Torches to kindle the Fire, and the Rabble hurrying Saxony *to the Fire.*

Sax. Burn at a Stake, doom'd like a Slave, a Traytor!
Farewel thou Royal rank Church Whore, farewel,
Live and reign on, yes hot Inchantress live
Romes universal Teeming, Fruitful Prostitute:
Brood on *Romes* cursed Chair, brood like a hatching Basilisk:
Entail thy Lust t'a thousand Generations,
And warm the Nest for all thy bloody Successors:
May not that Beast of Prey, a Pope, succeed thee,
But be thy Bastard, Not a Cell nor Cloyster
But be thy Brothel.
And not a fawning Cardinal but thy Bawd:
And lest thy hopeful progeny should fail,
Mix thy black Lust with some engendring Devil,
And people thy curst *Rome* with Imps and Goblins,
And to employ all Hells whole stock of Fire,
May all thy race be Cardinals, Popes, Abbots,

Monks,

Monks, Friars, Prieſts and all be damn'd together.

Rabble. Burn him, burn him. [*Scene ſhuts.*

Enter Cardinals.

Card. 1. By all that's good, a Whore, a Witch,
Confuſion? *Romes* dread Majeſty transform'd
T'a teeming Hag, and an abortive Baſtard!

Card. 2. Miſcarried in the Street, i'th' open face of day.

Card. 3. Frighted, no doubt, with that fierce hectoring Duke:
The puny, half got, weak, untimely Baſtard
Fell from the brooding Fiend.

Card. 4. *Romes* Royal Chair,
Once the bright Seat of Heavens great Deputies,
Profaned and ſullied by a Whore, a Syren;
May this curſt day, and this more curſed deed
From *Romes* great Annals be for ever torn.

Card. 1. No let her ſhame be branded to poſterity.
Firſt be her Body into *Tyber* thrown,
Then hers and her unſhapen Baſtards Image
Be fix'd upon a Pyramid in *Rome*:
And laſtly, in all future times
No Mitred Prelate in divine Proceſſion,
Preſume to paſs through that deteſted Street
Where this curſt Sorcereſs fell.

Card. 2. But my good Brothers,
How ſhall we guard our Mother Churches Brightneſs
From new pollutions; fence her holy Throne
From new Impoſtors: from all future Sorceries?

Card. 1. Oh Brothers, by immediate revelation,
Touch'd with a Spark from yon Celeſtial Orb,
I've have found that happy glorious great deſign,
For which our yet even unborn Heirs ſhall thank me.

Card. 3. Oh ſpeak.

Card. 1. Thus then the Coronation Porphyry,
On which *Romes* inſtalled Biſhop, Heavens
Lieutenant takes his great Commiſſion,
Shall thro' it have that ſubtle concave form'd

Thro'

Thro' which a reverend Matrons hand ——

Card. 2. Now by yon Stars inspired by some good Angel
I guess thy glorious purpose.

Card. 1. Now Devils we defie your utmost power,
Romes awful Throne shall be profan'd no more.
Put Whores and Bawds upon us, if you can,
Romes Mitred Head henceforth shall be a Man.

Romes Mitred Head

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE Female Prelate:

BEING

The Hiſtory of the Life and Death

OF

POPE JOAN.

A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at

The Theatre Royal.

Written by ELKANAH SETTLE,
Servant to His Majeſtie.

Facit Indignatio Verſus. Juven.

LONDON:
Printed for *W. Cademan*, at the Popes head in the *New Exchange*.
1680.

A ſtrange prophetick horrour tells my Soul
That we are mew'd up for ſacrifice.

The Ghoſt of the old Duke of Saxony *riſes with a burning Taper in his hand.*

Look, look!

Here the Ghoſt with his Taper touches a train of fire above him, which immediately writes upon the Wall, in Capital letters in a bloudy fire, the word MURDER; *which continues burning ſome time.*

My *Angeline*, my Royal Father's Ghoſt!
See Murder, Murder! Oh the voice of Bloud!
Stay, ſtay, thou Royal Harbinger of Fate. *The Ghoſt ſinks.*
Oh, *Angeline*, the hand of Heaven's againſt us.

Pope. Adored dear Devil, ſave me but this once. [*aſide.*] *kneels.*

Sax. That murder'd ſleeping Shade wakes from Deaths arms
To call us to his own untimely Grave.
Now, Pope, thou and thy black Colleagues of Hell,
Compleat their impious Vengeance.

Pope. By all that's damn'd, I am loſt: This Meſſenger
Of Hell was ſent for me.
Cut off thus early! Oh the ſenſeleſs Devil,
Thus to play Booty 'gainſt himſelf! } *Aſide.*
Miſtaken, dull infernal fools, I have not yet
Sate long enough on *Rome*'s Imperial Throne
To do you half the ſervice of a Pope.

Sax. Witneſs, good Heav'n, for my own life I fear not;
But thy hard fate torments my bleeding Soul.
If we muſt burn, thus arm in arm we'll die. *Embracing.*
Speak to thy Love; why ſpeaks not my dear *Angeline*?
There needs no ſilence in our Kiſſes now.

Pope. Ruin'd! betray'd! undone! If I but ſpeak,
He'll find my Screech-owl's voice; and if he ſees me,
He'll know my fatal face, and tear my throat out.
Speak or not ſpeak, I burn, if there be God's } *Aſide.*
Curſe on your blazing Thrones. No Ditch-born Hag
Was ever doom'd to ſuch a fate as I am.
By Hell, I ſcorch already: Fire and *Ætna!*

Traytors, Prieſts, Monſters. Here, open the door. *Knocking.*

Sax.

Sax. Ha!

Pope. Now could I part with all my Keys of Heav'n,
But for one Picklock to these Iron-bars. [*aside.*
Make haste, ye tardy Dogs, here's Gold to pay you.
Still deaf, ye slaves! a Jewel worth a Kingdom,
To bribe you for a Key!

Sax. Ravens and Vultures!

Pope. I cannot, dare not burn. Dull drowsie Villains....

Sax. What art thou? speak, infernal Fiend, what art thou?
seizing her.
Speak, Succubus, what Gibbet hast thou robb'd
For that loath'd form, to stain my sacred Bed,
And damn my cheated Soul!

Pope. Inquire no farther;
I will not speak.

Sax. Speak, or I will tear thy Soul out.

Pope. Save your own.
Flie, or we burn. *Enter Priests and Lights.*

Sax. By Heav'ns, the very form
Of my dead Father's Poysoner!

1 *Priest.* What's here!

2 *Priest.* A Whore!

3 *Priest.* A Whore!

Sax. Oh, Gentlemen, secure that Hag, that Sorceress;
The very Witch that light this Fatal Fire,
And brought the Brand from her own Hell to kindle it.

4 *Priest.* The Lady I had three hundred Crowns to Bawd for,
And her Protection may be worth three thousand.

1 *Priest.* Take her, and burn the Witch.

Pope. O save me! save me!

4 *Priest.* Hold, Brothers, let me answer for this Lady:
She is my Mistriss and my Charge; and with
My Bloud I'll justifie her Innocence.

Pope. Good, pious, honest, tender-hearted Father,
This Diamond speak my thanks. *Gives him a Ring.*

1 *Priest.* A *Bona Roba.*

2 *Priest.* One of our Brothers friends! nay, then all's well.

3 *Priest.* An honest Girl of yours? that name protects her.

Sax. Protect her! how! protect the greateſt Traytreſs
That ere diſgraced a Jayl, or ſhamed a Gibbet.
Secure her, ſeize her.

4 *Prieſt.* Stop that mad mans mouth;
I'll ſtake my life to vindicate this Lady.

1 *Prieſt.* Enough, enough; fie, let the Lady paſs.

2 *Prieſt.* Madam, your ſlaves.

3 *Prieſt.* Make room there for this Lady.

Pope. Ten thouſand Saints reward you for this kindneſs.

1 *Prieſt.* We are your Vaſſals. *Uſhering her to*

2 *Prieſt.* Madam, your faithful Servants. *the door.*

Pope. Such an Eſcape, kind Fate---- *Exit, led out by her friend*

Sax. Horrour unſpeakable! *the fourth Prieſt.*

What Monſter has this night ſlept in my arms?
Do I live, ſpeak, move, walk? Is yon your Heav'n,
Your Earth I tread on, or your Air I breath in?
And is this load of Nature Fleſh and Bloud?
Or is it all a Dream, or am I chang'd
To ſome incarnate Devil, doom'd to walk
Deaths burning plains, converſe with Imps and Goblins,
Tread the dark Mazes of eternal night,
And ſleep with Hags and Succubas.
Oh the vaſt Feavour of my burning Bloud!
Some Ocean quench me, or ſome Mountain ſwallow me.
Not Chriſtian ſlaves, wrapt up in Pitch, and light
Like burning Tapers to the Savage *Nero*,
Not *Hercules* in his invenom'd ſhirt,
Nor *Lucifer* at his firſt plunge in Hell,
Felt half the Fires my raging Entrails ſwell.

Exeunt.

The Scene changes to a private Apartment of the Pope.

Enter Pope, Lorenzo, and Amiran.

Pope. Oh my *Lorenzo*, I am undone for ever!

Lor. How, Madam! Heav'n forbid.

Pope. Sleeping this night
In my dear *Saxons* arms, by ſome curſt accident

The ſcene of our delights was ſet on fire.
Straight from his Bed the frighted *Saxon* leapt,
And thunder'd in my Ears, Wake, wake, my *Angeline!*
Oh 'twas a fatal ſound; not the laſt Trumpet
Shall wake the Damn'd to greater pains than mine.
Curſt be that hour; the blazing Fire-brands, like
A Taper to a wandring Midnight-Ghoſt,
Served but to ſhew the Fiend theſe Eyes diſcover'd.

Lor. Diſcover'd! Death and Furies.

Pope. Not th'enraged *Oedipus*
Alarm'd from his inceſtuous Mothers Bed,
Raved half ſo loud as he. But to ſum all,
The Terrours of this hideous night,
The ghaſtly form of the old poyſon'd *Saxon*,
Burſt thro' the Marble-floor, and with a Torch
Dipt in the ſulphurous Lake, from whence he roſe,
In diſtinct Characters of Bloud and Fire,
Writ MURDER in the blazing Roof above us.

Lor. Oh you diſtract me!
How got you off? How could you 'ſcape with life?

Pope. By Miracle!
Had not the entring Jaylours ſaved me,
He had torn my heart out.

Lor. But, dear Madam, tell me:
The Treaſon was too plain. But do you think
He did ſuſpect or gueſs the real Traytreſs?
There, there's the fatal point.

Pope. Oh I have but too much reaſon to believe it;
For at the horrour of theſe killing Eyes,
He cri'd, The Features of my Fathers Poyſoner.
And tho betwixt his wilde diſtracted ſenſes
He left me with the name of Witch, Fiend, Sorcereſs,
And what elſe other odde fantaſtick forms
His wandring Rage could ſhape; I am not ſafe.

Lor. No, you are undone: for if he lives, you die.
Should tatling fame but whiſper you are a woman,
'Twill make the ſcorching world too hot to hold you.

Pope. But, my *Lorenzo*, I'll prevent that danger;

For I am resolved he dies. Yet, Gods! 'tis hard,
'Tis very hard to kill the man I love;
But if he keeps a tongue, I lose a head.
No, his invenom'd Lungs breathe Plagues, and I
Must root his heart up to dislodge that Poyson.
Peace, fooliſh Love, and be for ever dumb;
I ſit on *Rome*'s great Throne, a Seat too bright
To hazard for the Pleaſures of a Night.
Saxon, thy life I cannot, muſt not ſave;
Oh, I muſt ſend thee to thy Father's Grave:
For know my Love muſt be my glories ſlave.

Lor. Spoke like *Rome*'s Monarch! This a Scepter'd hand
And a Crown'd head ſhould be.

Pope. But is it not enough
His Father I have poyſon'd, ſtain'd his Bed,
Himſelf impriſon'd, and to ſtab his Soul,
His deareſt Princeſs thou haſt both whored and raviſht;
But to all theſe accumulated Cruelties
I muſt at laſt adde his own murder too?
Is it not barbarous!

Lor. Death, not at all:
For now you are kinde, and put him out of pain.
Beſides, your life and Crown's at ſtake; let that
Inſpire your Soul.
Does not th'invading Conquerour that leads
His thouſands and his thouſands out to battel,
To ſcale the Walls of ſome Imperial City,
Fill up a Ditch with his own martyr'd ſlaves,
To make a Bridge to Glory. If their glory
Can murder thouſands, ſhall yours ſhrink at one
Poor gaſping ſlave?

Pope. Thou art an excellent Oratour,
I ſtand confirm'd; but whilſt I ſtay to talk,
Danger grows big and terrible.
Here, *Amiran*, I'll leave the Charge to thee:
Take theſe three thouſand crowns, and ſteal 'em into
The hand of that good conſcientious Prieſt,
My honeſt Bawd that ſaved my threatn'd life.

Thou

Thou mayst act safely for me; for he knows
Not who, nor whence thou art. Tell him, his business
Is onely to give the mad wilde *Saxon* Duke
A sober sleeping Pill: He'll understand thee.

Amir. Madam, your great Commands must all be sacred;
And my whole life's too short for my obedience:
Yet pardon me when I have one Grace to beg,
That you'd be pleased t'excuse my trembling hand
From this too cruel office.

Pope. How, my Girl!
A fit of Conscience! fie, let not that check thee.
Shrink not to serve me now.
Do this, and make me thine entire for ever.

Amir. Well, Madam, I am your slave.

Pope. Thanks, my kinde *Amiran.*
Make haste, my Girl.

Amir. I flie t'obey you. *Exit* Amir.

Pope. So!
Poor *Saxony*, thy Fate rides Post.
Well, if there's any thing in the airy Dreams
Of Faith, Religion, Piety,
Things which poor little unambitious Church-men
Have nothing else to do but to believe in,
Whilst we the great and glorious Mitred heads
Have other work and other game to mind.
They say that Providence to suffering Innocence,
Gives Crowns and Paradise. Then, *Saxon*, thou
Art happy, and I kinde; and if Eternity
Has, to wrong'd Virtue, Constellations given,
Why should I stick to send the man I love to Heav'n?
Or why should snarling fools at blood repine,
When Death's the Furnace does their Gold refine?
'Tis Wounds and Death that Heav'n with Stars does paint,
And the kind Murderer translates the Saint.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT the Fifth.

The Scene the Priſon.

Amiran *alone.*

Amir. HIther I come to bring a Soveraign head,
A Soveraign Cure, a ſober ſleeping Pill;
I, that's the word.
Poor *Saxony!* thy Royal Father murder'd,
Thy deareſt Princeſs raviſht, and to make up
The moſt unnatural monſtrous maſs of Cruelty,
Thy Fathers Poyſoner, and thy Fathers Whore,
Lodged in thy Bed. Oh thou'rt a true Original
Of unexampled Miſery: No Tragedy
Ere equall'd thine. Yet after all, this moſt
Wrong'd Prince muſt bleed, and I muſt be his murderer.
Oh my faint Arm! Oh my Barbarian Miſtriſs!
Well, I remember I have ſerved thy Luſt,
My breaſt the Cabinet to all thy Whoredoms;
Nay, like an Uſurer to the Truſt thou haſt lent me,
I've play'd the Bawd t'increaſe 'em. All theſe Ills
I never trembled at; but oh, there's ſomething
In Murder ſo beyond a Female Villain,
As my Soul ſtartles at the thought. But why,
Why do I play the fooliſh Crocodile,
And mourn where I muſt kill?

Enter Saxony *and* Carlo.

---Yonder he comes!
Let me retire a while, and borrow ſtrength
For this dire Execution. *Abſconds.*

Sax.

Sax. Oh my wrong'd *Angeline*,
What have I done? by what Infatuation,
What damn'd Illuſion led, have I a Monſter
Claſpt to my breaſt? or has ſome Rival-God,
In malice to thy happier envyed Lord,
Caught thee t'his Heaven t'outſhine yon dazling Stars,
And left that changeling Demon in my Arms!
I ſhall run mad.

Amir. Alas, poor injur'd Prince!

Sax. Tell me, ye Powers Infernal, I conjure you
By all the Pleaſures of Revenge;
And thou curſt Pope, thou greater blacker Devil,
Tell me by what Inchantments, Spells, Drugs, Minerals,
That ſavage Whore you lodged within my Arms;
And to make up that Monſter more than execrable,
Lent her thy own infernal face to blaſt me.

Amir. Oh I can hold no longer! Ye Gods,
That ſo much Excellence ſhould be created
For ſo much Ruine! Pity, Conſcience, Love,
I know not which thou art: But on the ſuddain
My dire reſolves are ſtagger'd.

Sax. Art-thou here!
Oh my young Pandar! ye kinde Powers, I thank you.
Thou unfletcht Imp, thou early-lighted brand
Of everlaſting fire, tell me what Fury
Thy impious hand lodged in my Bed laſt night;
Tell me, for I will know.

Amir. Oh, Sir, no more.
I cannot, muſt not, will not, dare not tell you.

Sax. Not tell me! Now by thy own Mother-Hag
That bore thee in a Ditch, fed thee with Scorpions,
Swath'd thee with Adders, ſuckled thee with Bloud,
And dipt thee young in Hell,
Speak quickly, or I'll tear the curſed Secret
From thy impoſtum'd heart; ſpeak, or I'll kill thee.

Amir. Yes, do, Sir, and I'll thank you for the kindneſs;
For if I ſpeak, I muſt kill you: and truſt me,
I have that ſenſe of your unhappy ſufferings,

That I had rather die my self than be
Your Murderer.

Sax. And art thou then in earnest?
Come, prithee speak; I was to blame to chide thee:
Be not afraid; speak but the fatal truth,
And by my hopes of Heav'n I will forgive thee.
Out with it, come; now wouldst thou tell me all,
But art ashamed to own thy self a Bawd:
'Las, that might be thy Fathers fault, not thine.
Perhaps some honest humble Cottage bred thee,
And thy ambitious Parents poorly proud,
For a gay Coat made thee a Page at Court,
And for a plume of Feathers sold thy Soul;
But 'tis not yet, not yet too late to save it.

Amir. Oh my sad heart!

Sax. Come, prithee speak; let but
A true confession plead thy penitence,
And Heav'n will then forgive thee as I do.

Amir. But, Sir, can you resolve to lend an ear
To sounds so terrible, so full of fate,
As will not onely act a single Tragedy,
But even dis-joynt all Natures Harmony,
And quite untune the world? for such, such are
The Notes that I must breathe.

Sax. Oh my dear Murderer,
Breath 'em as cheerfully as the soaring Lark
Wakes the gay Morn. Those dear sweet Airs that kill me,
Are my new nuptial Songs. My *Angeline*
Has been my first, and Death's my second Bride.

Amir. Know then, th'Enchantress that these two last nights
Slept in your bosome, was your Fathers Poysoner.

Sax. Riddles and Death! what mystick sounds are these?

Amir. That Sorceress that in a borrow'd shape
Usurps *Rome*'s sacred Throne, was the dire Fiend.

Sax. Ha!

Amir. Oh Sir, I read that lightning in your eyes
That tells me, I have set your Soul on fire.
Break, break, great heart, thou'rt too much lost to live,

And

And for the laſt, the greateſt laſt ſtab,
For I muſt tell you all. That Hell-burnt Hag
Began her game with your unhappy Father.
You may remember in the *Saxon* Court,
A fatal Beauty call'd *Joanna Angliea*,
That Syren firſt defiled your Fathers Bed,
And then by Jealouſie transform'd t'his Prieſt,
And by Revenge t'his Murderer---his bloud,
His Royal bloud ſhe doubly, doubly poyſon'd.

Sax. Thunder and Earthquakes!

Amir. And not t'end there neither,
The beſtial luſt of her inceſtuous Fires
Traced your dead fathers Beauties in your Eyes;
And the ſame ſulphurous Mine that blew his ſoul up,
Was light to ſacrifice the Martyr'd ſon.

Sax. A Whore, a Poyſoner! nay, a Fathers Whore,
And Fathers Poyſoner! Oh my bloated Soul!
O moſt unnatural doubly damn'd *Hyena*,
Mixt in my Fathers ſhame! Oh horrour, horrour!
Oh my vaſt wrongs, deſtruction, ruine, death!
Strike thick, ye darts of fate. My poor dear *Angeline*.
Ha! ſpight of all my pains, that Name has life in't.
Say, Boy, how fares my *Angeline*? Tho millions
Of torturing Furies gore this bleeding heart,
I know thou'lt ſay ſhe's well, and lives unhurt,
Sleeps innocent, and in her golden ſlumbers
She little dreams what numberleſs diſtractions
Surround her wretched Lord.

Amir. Alas, Sir, ----

Sax. Ha!

Amir. The ſaddeſt part of all my killing ſtory
Is yet to come. By the ſame ſtratagem
That has deceiv'd her Lord, was your poor Princeſs,
By falſe *Lorenzo*'s luſt, enjoy'd and raviſht.

Sax. Now all the Plagues of him that ſold his God,
Reward the execrable Dog. My *Angeline*,
My deareſt, ſweeteſt, and once brighteſt *Angeline*!
Ye Tyrant Powers, ye everlaſting Torturers,

That made mankind for ruine; end me quickly,
Oh bury me like the rebellious Gyants,
Loaded with Mountain-piles, for I shall rave,
Rave to that height, till all my gasping Pangs,
My rowling Tears, and my loud bellowing Groans,
Burst out like Cataracts, enough to deafen
The very Thunder of my angry Gods.
Yet hold, I have some business to dispatch,
Before my Eye-balls burst. Say, Boy, canst thou
Oblige a very wretched thing, and bear
My dying sighs to that dear martyr'd Innocence?

Amir. My Lord, I can.

Sax. And wilt thou be so kind?
Nay, thou'lt be kinder yet: for thou'rt a Convert,
A gentle honest Boy. But oh too late!
Speak, is it in thy power to bless my Eyes
With one last view of those dear beauteous Ruines,
Before we part and die?

Amir. My Lord, it is;
Your Princess is my Charge:
And your own servant here, by my instructions,
Shall haste and bring her to your arms this minute.

Sax. Heav'ns brightest Diadem crown thee for this goodness.

There Amiran *whispers with* Carlo,
and gives him a Key.

Flie, *Carlo*, flie, and as thou bringst her hither,
Repeat the dismal Tale of all our Woes.
But oh, 'tis terrible, 'tis wondrous terrible
For such chast ears, yet she must hear it all.
Leave not one tittle that may wing her Soul
For its last flight; for, *Carlo*, she must die.
The softest heart that yon celestial fire
Could ever animate, must break and die.
We are both too wretched to outlive this day;
And I but send thee as her executioner.

Carlo. I flie to obey you, Sir.

Sax. Stay, *Carlo*, ſtay.
Why all this haſte to murder ſo much Innocence?
Yet thou muſt go. And ſince thy tongue muſt kill
The brighteſt form th'inamour'd Stars can ere
Receive, or the impoveriſht World can loſe,
Go, *Carlo*, go; but prithee wound her Soul
As gently as thou canſt: and when thou ſeeſt
A flowing ſhower from her twin-Orbs of light
All drown the faded Roſes of her Cheeks;
When thou beholdſt 'midſt her diſtracted groans
Her furious hand, that feeble fair Revenger,
Rend all the mangled Beauties of her Face,
Tear her bright Locks, and their diſhevell'd pride
On her pale neck that raviſht whiteneſs fall;
Guard, guard thy eyes, for, *Carlo*, 'tis a ſight
Will ſtrike Spectators dead. *Exit* Carlo.
Amir. I fear there needs
No ſtudy now to be that Beauties Murderer.
Sax. How, Boy!
Amir. The bloudy Pope, frighted laſt night
At her diſcovered face, has doom'd you both
T'eternal ſilence by a Bowl of poyſon.
Sax. Damnation!
Amir. Theſe three thouſand Crowns were given me
To bribe your Prieſt to mix your fatal drugs,
And I am afraid her draught's already paſt.
Sax. Now for a Bait ſo ſtrong might catch the Devil!
I'd angle with this black rank Whore ſhe-Pope;
I'd float the Witch upon the burning Lake,
And when the hungry Fiend bob'd up to gorge her,
I'd with her Groſier ſtick him through the throat,
And tug him up from Hell. Sport for a God!
Oh the wilde forms of my unruly Soul!

Enter Angeline *with her hair diſhevelled, attended by* Carlo.

Thou beauteous pile of everlaſting Woe,
Approach thy wretched Lord.

Ang.

Ang. Where art thou, *Carlo?*
Lend me thy hand, and guide me to my Love;
For these benighted eyes are so o'erdrown'd in tears,
That I am all dark, and cannot finde my way.

Sax. So have I seen a Cloud all gilt with light;
But oh ye Pow'rs that could those Heav'ns benight!
What was her day, if she can set so bright?

Ang. Oh my lov'd Lord,
This ruin'd thing comes to thy feet to die.

Sax. If thou must die, draw neer, my lovely Martyr;
Come to this Breast, and make these arms thy Monument.

Ang. In those lov'd arms! Oh stay, where am I going?
Stand off, my Lord, stand off.
Those dear embraces are too blest a circle
For such a sullied bloated thing as I am.

Sax. And can I be more miserable still!
Ah can those setting beams of light withdraw
Their last kind warmth from thy expiring Lord!

Ang. No, my dear Life, we must embrace no more.
Should I approach those charming Fires too nigh,
There's so much vital heat in thy lov'd bosom,
That I shall live, live a polluted Monster,
And make the blushing world asham'd to own me.
Live with my load of shame! No, cruel Pow'rs,
Hear my last Prayer, and give my murder'd Honour
And me one Grave.

Sax. Oh thou bright falling Star,
Never was Love nor Injuries like thine!
Poor ravisht sweetness!

Ang. Ravisht! Oh ruine, fate, destruction, Death!
These Eyes, these Lips, oh Heav'ns, this sacred Bosom,
Once the blest Throne of thy transported Joys,
Made a loath'd Monsters Prey! But oh ye Powers,
This is not half my Scene of Woe! Alas,
The bleeding *Lucrece* and the mourning *Philomel*
Could plead as much as this; But I am a wretch
A thousand times more monstrously deform'd.
Oh my vast Wounds! there's that wide breach of ruine

In

In this one breaſt, will let in death enough
To break both hearts.
Sax. Together let 'em break.
Ang. Oh my wrong'd Lord,
When to my fatal Bed th'Adulterer came,
But oh that hour be blotted from eternity!
I harmleſs, languiſhing, expecting Innocence,
Met the foul Traytour, kiſt, embraced him, loved him,
Around his neck my longing arms I threw;
For I was kinde, and thought, my Lord, 'twas you.
Oh horrour, horrour, unexampled horrour!
Sax. Name it no more. Why did the eternal Being
Create a form ſo perfectly divine,
The miracle of Story, Ages, Worlds,
So far above her Sex upon a Pyramid
Of Trophies fixt like a tranſparent Glory,
And now all at one ſudden blaſt of Lightning
To ſtrike the Maſter-piece of their Creation,
Thrown headlong from her Pinacle of Honour,
And daſh the ſhining Chriſtal Globe to pieces?
Bluſh, bluſh, ye Gods, bluſh till your glowing Skies
Anticipate the worlds laſt Funeral-pile,
And ſcorching Nature burn and rave as I do.
Ang. Methinks I ſee thro' your diſtracted eyes
A load of Fate weigh down your drooping Soul;
And is it all for your poor *Angeline*!
Be comforted; what tho I come to die,
'Tis but a ſhort farewel to this baſe world,
Till we ſhall meet in purer Joys above.
Sax. Ah no, my *Angeline*; when thou art dead,
I am afraid my Wrongs ſo high will riſe,
Make ſuch Complaints againſt my angry Stars,
Till in deſpair
I curſe the Author of my wretched Being;
Then in my wilde Apoſtate fury die,
And never meet thee more.
Ang. O fie, my Lord,
Take heed, take heed of this unjuſt deſpair;

Oh

Oh pray to Heav'n, and think that I am there.
Oh do not tax the great Omnipotence
Of ought unjuſt; when they depoſed us here,
No doubt 'twas but to crown us brighter there.
Sax. Yes, ye great Powers, make us amends in Heav'n;
For we have had but little Juſtice here.
Ang. Oh my dear Love, I die.
Now take me, take me to thy deareſt arms:
You need not be afraid t'embrace me now,
For I ſhall die, and be all white again,
And you may love me then without a ſin.
In this warm Bed a ſpotleſs Martyr lay,
For Death's kind hand wipes all my ſtains away. *Dies.*
Sax. What diſmal Planets reign'd when I was born?
Planets, Fiends, Furies!
Theſe were th'aſcendant Lords at my creation
That abhorr'd Night: when my unlucky Parents
Mixt their unhappy Loves to form this Being,
No ſmiling Star peep'd forth.
But where's this Raviſher, this Pope, young Fairy?
Revenge, ye Gods, revenge! Is there that word
In all the dear Records of Fate for me?
Oh could I but eſcape from this dire place,
And meet once more that Monſter face to face!
Amir. My Lord, you ſhall.
Sax. How, Boy! ſay that again.
Amir. Sir, this Gold
Deſign'd to buy your Bloud, ſhall pay your Ranſome:
With this I'll purchaſe your deliverance.
Thus ſecretly releaſt, be it your art
To ſtrike your Dagger to the Traytors heart.
Sax. Now art thou kinder than a giving God,
And even preventſt my Prayers. From thy bright Heav'n,
Bleſt Saint, look down, and let thy well-pleas'd Ghoſt
Smile at the Victim I intend to make thee.
And the ſlow pangs of his ſad heart forgive,
Who for thy Vengeance muſt thy Fate outlive.

Exeunt.

Scene the Laſt.

Enter a Rabble of Romans.

From within.] A Proceſſion ! a Proceſſion ! A Proceſſion !

Rom. 1. Well Neighbours, ſince his Holineſs is pleaſed to give us a Holy-day, let us improve it, and make the beſt uſe on't, that is, go to the Tavern, and be down-right drunk.

Rom. 2. I, Neighbour, for I never knew any other uſe of a Holy-day, but firſt to go to Church, and then be drunk.

Rom. 1. You make a juſt interpretation : but here lies the queſtion, whether we ſhall ſit in the Tavern like Sots, and not be drunk till night, or go and be preſently drunk, then go home, beat our Wives, and ſleep an hour, then riſe and be drunk again before Sun-ſet, this I take to be the improvement of the day.

Rom. All. I, I, 'tis, 'tis.

Rom. 2. But hearк you, Neighbour, do you never go to Church?

Rom. 1. Poſitively, no ; my reaſons I will render. Firſt, you do not take me for the leaſt Fool amongſt you.

All. No, no !

Rom. 2. Nor the leaſt Knave, Neighbour's.

All. No, No.

Rom. 1. Then I conclude I'll never pray at all, whilſt we we have ſuch Shoals of Church Men to do it for us, as Cardinals, Monks, Abbots, Priors, and a thouſand Orders more ; and with all theſe Holy Men about us, 'tis impoſſible we ſhould be damn'd, Neighbours.

Rom. 2. Ay, but, Neighbour, you ought to help at a dead lift, 'tis hard truſting to other mens prayers.

Rom. 1. Why, don't I pay for it, I tell thee it goes againſt the grain to pray and pay too, I'll not do't not I, and if I be damn'd, at their peril be it.

Rom. 2. Then I perceive, Neighbour, you are in a deſperate condition.

Rom. 1. Not at all, for always when I pay the Prieſt his duties I always take an acquittance, and thoſe Acquittances I take as a Paſsport to ſlip me by Purgatory into the other world.

Rom. 2. But which of thoſe other worlds do you think to go to?

Rom. 1. So I 'ſcape Purgatory, no matter which.

Rom. 2. But I am afraid this will not do your Work, Neighbour!

Rom. 1. Then let the Church 'bate me my Peter-pence, and I'll pray for my ſelf: and ne'er trouble them, and that I think is fair.

All. Aye, Aye!

Rom. 1. Beſides that's taking the bread out of the Prieſts Mouths, and that's no other than Sacrilege, 'tis plain Intrenchment.

Rom. 3. Intrenchment! what's Intrenchment!

Rom. 1. Are you ſuch a fool you don't know what Intrenchment means, why Intrenchment is a hard word, and you all know what a hard word is,

All. I, I.

Rom. 1. Why, 'tis medling with what we have nothing to do with, which is no better than picking ones Pocket; why Neighbour, you keep a reverend Brandy Shop, and would not you take it ill if a Cardinal ſhould ſet up, and ſell Brandy by you? In troth, he'd go nigh to break you.

Rom. 3. I dod, would he?

Rrm. 4. I'll undertake, if a Cardinal ſhould ſell Brandy, he'd be the richeſt man in all *Rome*.

Rom. 1. I'll undertake then I'll find you one ſhall do't.

Enter the Duke of Saxony *with Attendants, bearing in the dead body of the Dutcheſs of* Saxony.

Rom. 2. But ſee that which you call'd a Proceſſion looks more like a Funeral.

D. Sax. Oh, worthy Romans, here behold a ſight
Will fill your Eyes with Tears, and Hearts with Grief;
And if this ſight alone ſhall fail to move,
For Deaths are common in the Stretes of *Rome*,
Yet will the Story, when unfolded, ſtrike
You all with ſudden horrour and amazement.

Rom. 1. Dad, he ſpeaks well.

Sax. Say worthy Roman's
If freely you'll afford your Charity

To

To an afflicted Prince that preſt with griefs
And injuries, lays by his Honours
And Titles to become your humble Suppliant.

Rom. 2. Our humble Suppliant.

Sax. Nor do I doubt, but when you have heard my Story,
You will afford your pity and revenge.

Rom. 1. Well Sir, I underſtand you are a Prince, and that your good Lady is dead, and you'd have us make her alive again. We can do you no good in it; 'tis not every man that lives in *Rome* can do that Job, but if you'll ſpeak to the Pope, or one of his Cardinals they'll do it for a word ſpeaking.

Sax. And is this all the attention you can give me!
Oh, *Rome*, how is thy wonted Braveneſs changed,
Since thy Inhabitants at call of *Anthony*
Flock'd round the Body of their murder'd *Cæſar*;
With Tears they waſh'd his Wounds,
And mixt a Deluge with his guſhing Blood;
Then ſtarting from the Corps with noble rage,
Revenge and Juſtice through the Streets they cryed.
Oh, Romans, you will live to ſee that day
When from your Roofs your Daughters will be dragg'd,
Their Virgin Innocence abuſed with duſt,
And thus brought home a lamentable Spectacle.
Thus ſhall your Wives and Daughters all be raviſhed,
Diſhonour'd, Poyſon'd.

Rom. 2. Why, has the Princeſs been ſo ſerv'd!

Rom. 1. So it ſeems, if you'll believe a dead woman.

Sax. If this dear Beauty, born of Noble Blood,
By Wedlock planted in a Prince's Boſom,
Could not eſcape from Treaſon, Rapes and Death,
How ſhall your Wives, your Daughters, and your Siſters,
To whom no Awe, nor Guard makes difficult approach.
Be ſafe; no, I preſage they ſhall be proſtituted all,
Defiled, abuſed, torn up with impious luſt;
And to conceal the wicked Actors names,
Be murdered as mine has been.

Rom. 2. But, pray, Sir, if a man may be ſo bold, who was the Dog that did this plaguy Job; by S. *Winnifred*, my Fingers do ſo itch to be at him.

Rom. 1. Ay, do but tell us where we may find the Dog, and we will roaſt the Rogue: and make the Devil a Feaſt of him.

Sax. I, that's the thing I ask, revenge, revenge me.
And to encourage you for this great deed;
Take this, and this for your Reward, and Heaven
And Juſtice for your Leaders.

Rom. 1. Gold, Boys!

Rom. 2. A noble worthy Prince, and we'll live and die by him.

Sax. But Gentlemen, when I have recounted the ſtrange
Actors, and the more ſtrange Villainy,
I fear the Story will appear ſo monſtrous
That you'll ſcarce dare believe me.

Rom. 2. How, not believe, and live at *Rome*.

Rom. 1. Do we believe in Images, and Relicks, and Holywater, and Miracles, and not believe an honeſt golden Prince?

Sax. Then, generous Romans, know,
I owe mine and this Beauteous Martyrs ruine
To your accurſed Pope.

Rom. 1. The Pope!

Rom. 2. The Pope!

Rom. 3. Take heed Sir, what you ſay; the Pope!
But that you have greas'd us in the fiſt, or elſe——
Udſlid, the Pope!

Sax. Nay, Romans, do not think I utter ought
Againſt *Romes* Majeſty, but *Romes* Uſurper;
Not that great Office, and the bleſſed Prelacy,
But the accurſt Impoſtor that profanes it:
Oh, Gentlemen, that ſeeming Royal Head
To which you kneel and pray, is an abhorr'd,
Loath'd Sorcereſs, a filthy rank Adultereſs,
A Woman damn'd in Luſt, whilſt the vile Schriech Owl
Broods in the Neſt of Eagles.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. The murder'd *Angeline*, and the Saxon Duke.
This Ground's too hot for me. [*Offers to go.*

Sax. Stay Villain, ſtay.

Look

Look on that Martyr, and this Arm, and then
Prepare thy Soul for everlaſting Fire.
Lor. I will not fight with thee.
Sax. Not fight!
Art thou a Brute ſo rank, and yet ſo fearful.
But do I talk, a Minutes life's too long. [*Fights.*
Lor. Thou haſt kill'd me, and Damnation thank thee for't. [*Dies.*
Sax. Thus far, bleſt Saint, thy great revenge ſucceeds.

Enter Pope, Cardinals, Prieſts, and other Officers, as in form of a Proceſſion.

Pope. *Lorenzo* murder'd, and that Saxon Baſilisk
Alive, and in the head o'th' Multitude!
I am betrayed, undone. [*Aſide.*
Sax. Romans, Lords, Cardinals, to you I ſpeak,
That brand of Hell——
Pope. Now by yon bright Omnipotence,
Some black deſign againſt *Romes* awful Godhead.
Sax. No, by yon bright Omnipotence I come
For Juſtice, Juſtice againſt *Romes* Scarlet Whore.
Pope. Dear adored Devil, ſave me but this once.
Sax. Oh Romans, *Romes* once ſhining Dignity
And dazling Glory is eclipſed for ever.
Inſtead of Majeſty t'adorn a Throne,
That mitred Monſter is a Whore, Hag, Sorcereſs.
Pope. Heavens, can your Thunder ſleep, and tamely hear
Such Blaſphemies within the Walls of *Rome.*
Card. 1. Inhumane Inſolence.
Card. 2. Exquiſite Traytor!
Sax. No, willful blind deluded Prelates, no,
Eternity blaſt me, if ſhe be not a Woman,
And the moſt rank Damnation ever ſhaped.
And to make up her loathed Abominations
By her contrivance was this Beauty
Firſt raviſhed, and then murder'd:
Whilſt th' Hell-burnt Luſt of the adult'rous Hag
Within theſe blaſted Arms ſupplyed her Room.

Pope.

Pope. Oh *Rome,* and Romans,, leſt the wrath of Heaven
Should rain down Fire upon your guilty Heads:
Upon the forfeit of your Souls revenge me.

Sax. Revenge my Wrongs, and this fair Martyrs Blood.
Oh right the Honour of *Romes* injured Majeſty,
And burn the Enchantreſs.

Pope. Oh right the Honour of *Romes* injured Majeſty,
And ſeiſe the Heretick. [Saxony *draws, and makes at the Pope, but is diſarm'd by the people.*

All the Card. Burn, burn the Traytor.

The Rabble. Burn him, burn him, burn him.

[*Exeunt the Rabble, forcing out* Saxony *to execution.*

Pope. This dread Encounter, (oh my ſtaggering frame)
Has looſen'd every Vein about my Heart,
And I am all o'er Convulſions. But lead on,
And end the Sacred Buſineſs of the day,
His Treaſon ſtopt, but his Blood clears our way. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene opens, and diſcovers a Stake and Faggots, with Prieſts with Lighted Torches to kindle the Fire, and the Rabble hurrying Saxony *to the Fire.*

Sax. Burn at a Stake, doom'd like a Slave, a Traytor!
Farewel thou Royal rank Church Whore, farewel,
Live and reign on, yes hot Inchantreſs live
Romes univerſal Teeming, Fruitful Proſtitute:
Brood on *Romes* curſed Chair, brood like a hatching Baſilisk:
Entail thy Luſt t'a thouſand Generations,
And warm the Neſt for all thy bloody Succeſſors:
May not that Beaſt of Prey, a Pope, ſucceed thee,
But be thy Baſtard, Not a Cell nor Cloyſter
But be thy Brothel.
And not a fawning Cardinal but thy Bawd:
And leſt thy hopeful progeny ſhoul fail,
Mix thy black Luſt with ſome engendring Devil,
And people thy curſt *Rome* with Imps and Goblins.
And to employ all Hells whole ſtock of Fire,
May all thy race be Cardinals, Popes, Abbots,

Monks,

Monks, Friars, Prieſts and all be damn'd together.

Rabble. Burn him, burn him. [*Scene ſhuts.*

Enter Cardinals.

Card. 1. By all that's good, a Whore, a Witch,
Confuſion? *Romes* dread Majeſty transform'd
T'a teeming Hag, and an abortive Baſtard!

Card. 2. Miſcarried in the Street, i'th' open face of day.

Card. 3. Frighted, no doubt, with that fierce hectoring Duke:
The puny, half got, weak, untimely Baſtard
Fell from the brooding Fiend.

Card. 4. *Romes* Royal Chair,
Once the bright Seat of Heavens great Deputies,
Profaned and ſullied by a Whore, a Syren;
May this curſt day, and this more curſed deed
From *Romes* great Annals be for ever torn.

Card. 1. No let her ſhame be branded to poſterity.
Firſt be her Body into *Tyber* thrown,
Then hers and her unſhapen Baſtards Image
Be fix'd upon a Pyramid in *Rome*:
And laſtly, in all future times
No Mitred Prelate in divine Proceſſion,
Preſume to paſs through that deteſted Street
Where this curſt Sorcereſs fell.

Card. 2. But my good Brothers,
How ſhall we guard our Mother Churches Brightneſs
From new pollutions; fence her holy Throne
From new Impoſtors: from all future Sorceries?

Card. 1. Oh Brothers, by immediate revelation,
Touch'd with a Spark from yon Celeſtial Orb,
I've have found that happy glorious great deſign,
For which our yet even unborn Heirs ſhall thank me.

Card. 3. Oh ſpeak.

Card. 1. Thus then the Coronation Porphyry,
On which *Romes* inſtalled Biſhop, Heavens
Lieutenant takes his great Commiſſion,
Shall thro' it have that ſubtle concave form'd

Thro'

Thro' which a reverend Matrons hand ——

Card. 2. Now by yon Stars inspired by some good Angel,
I guess thy glorious purpose.

Card. 1. Now Devils we defie your utmost power,
Romes awful Throne shall be profan'd no more.
Put Whores and Bawds upon us, if you can,
Romes Mitred Head henceforth shall be a Man.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.